July 2, 1932

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JULY 2, 1932

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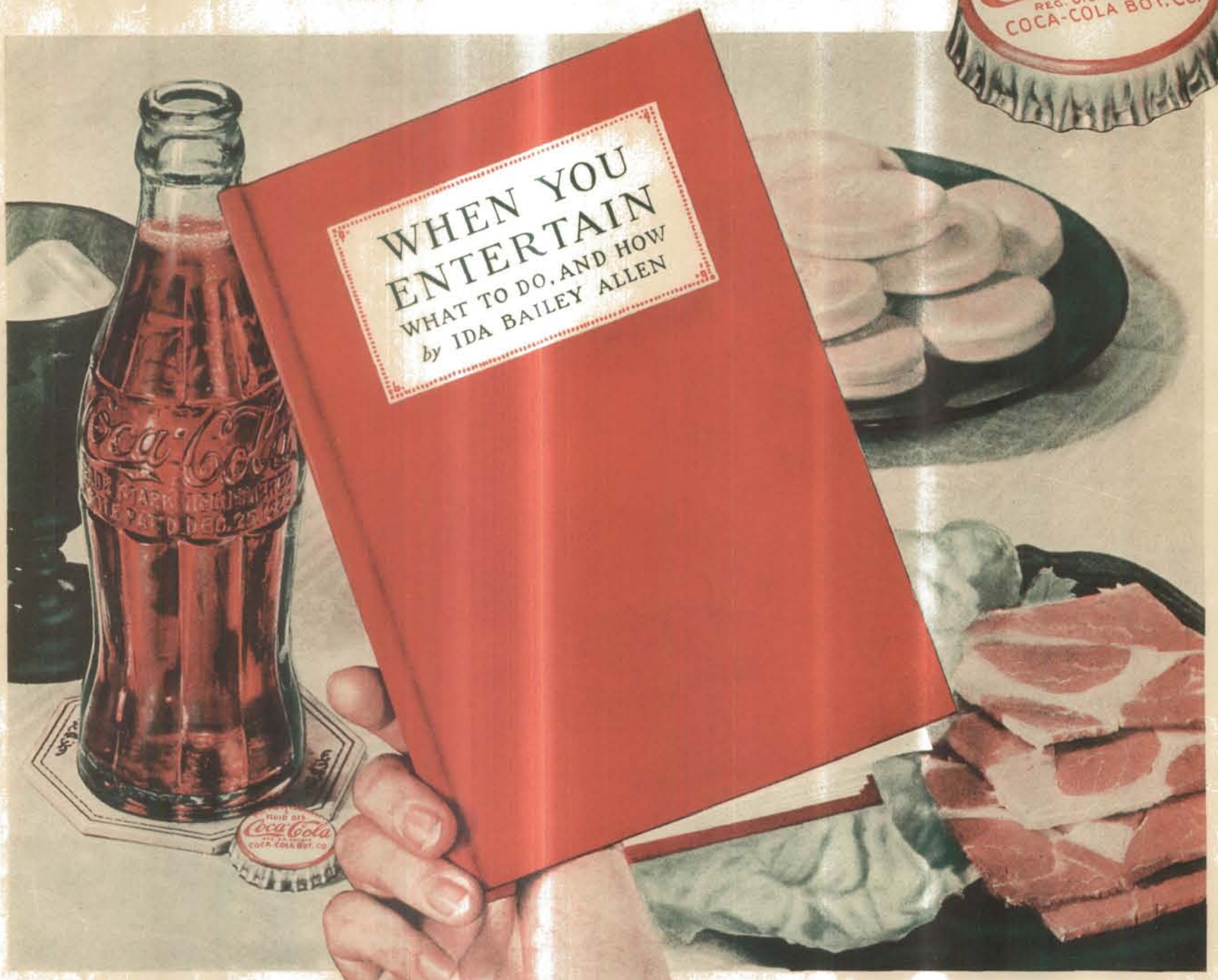

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next week

IT WAS just Jean Harrington's luck that the wealthiest man she'd ever known should give her an acute sickish feeling amidships. It was also just her luck to have to give him the air on the very evening when the Harrington assets had dwindled to ninety-seven cents.

That's how Jean became a model in Stein-Bergman's wrap department and met Mac, who was the buyer and had hair like very good quality black moiré caracul. Things should have run smoothly from then on, but they didn't. One obstacle was Lolita, the Argentine dancer, whose reputation was so aromatic that certain ports of the world were closed to her. She called Mac her "precious boy" and that burned Jean up.

The crisis jarred Lolita completely out of her Spanish accent and even gave Mac a turn. He discovered that "He Needed a Model." L. Edelston tells you about it.

IN FEBRUARY, 1929, the Experts Committee met in Paris. They were there to decide how much Germany could pay in war reparations and how the money was to be divided. No two members thought alike. The first session brought the definite threat of war. Then an extraordinary thing happened. Talk switched from the amount of the claims to be assessed to the method of collecting the money. Members of the committee became absorbed in their common effort and forgot to quarrel. The impartial laws of economics had, for the time being, free play.

That important bit of stratagem was the work of Owen D. Young. In a comprehensive and illuminating article Owen P. White tells you about this extraordinary man.

ERNEST HAYCOX writes the story of an August night outside of Trail Town, when the spirit of the Old West flared into brief but violent life amid the flicker of powder, the crash of guns and the wild cries of men. It was the night that saw an end to the ancient enemies of Thorpe Paisley, but even its mad excitement wasn't enough to daunt Irene. Western girls, they say, are like that. The story's called "Clouds on the Circle-P."

THERE was a time when Humpty Jackson was New York's most prominent and efficient gangster. But that's all over now. If you have a dog with croup or a canary that has the pip, take him to Humpty. He runs a pet shop—and runs it well. Not that he's reformed. Devil a bit. He has grown philosophical. Meet him under the genial guidance of Walter Davenport, in "Gangsters Get Tired."

DON MARQUIS contributes the short short story. Elmer Davis, William MacHarg, Alice Nielsen, Grantland Rice, Clinton W. Gilbert, Sax Rohmer, P. G. Wodehouse and others will be present. O brave new world!

collier's

this week

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GERALD MYGATT
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HARRY FLOOD BYRD
Now or Never. **A chance and a challenge to the Democrats. The former governor of Virginia talks from the shoulder.** **Page 9**

WRITE YOUR OWN
A plot in search of authors. **Page 10**

BETTY THORNLEY STUART
Your Face in the Sun. **How to insure it.** **Page 11**

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
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EDITORIAL
Calling the Turn. **Page 50**

any week

IN WHAT amounts to a towering dudgeon, Mrs. Lloyd G. Sidney of Fort Worth, Texas, demands that we join with her in protest against "the burial of that agnostic Robert Ingersoll in Arlington, the last resting place of our Christian heroes."

WE MIGHT do that if we weren't so busy giving three cheers for Mr. Emmett Hamilton of Biloxi, Mississippi, who broke a new broom over the head of a bandit who tried to stick up the lunch room he manages. The bandit fled lootless and the owners of the lunch room refuse to charge the broom to Mr. Hamilton.

"MOSE TAYLOR," reports Mr. P. R. Sheaffer of Cabot, Arkansas, "toted a crate of strawberries to the express office, consigning them to a commission firm in St. Louis. Next day the station agent informed Mose that the returns lacked two bits of paying the transportation charges. Mose, apologizing for lacking the twenty-five cents, told the agent he would give him a nice Dominicker chicken instead. This was agreeable and presently Mose reappeared with two chickens.

"'I aims, Cap'n,' explained Mose, 'to ship me another crate of berries this evening.'"

AND Mr. Theodore Bergen of Wichita, Kansas, says that he thought beer parades were a bit silly until he discovered that one of his fellow Kansans walked twenty-two miles to ridicule them at a county prohibition meeting.

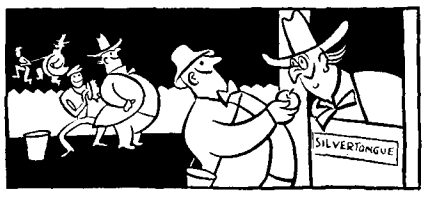
"I WAS just wondering," sighs Mrs. Charles M. Magoon of Richmond, Indiana, "how long it would have taken this latest Congress of ours to draw up the Declaration of Independence. Naturally they wouldn't have signed it."

PERHAPS we should be immune to amazement by this time. But every time we feel that we are no longer surprisable along comes a letter like this one from Mr. William L. Kelley of Los Angeles:

"Prohibition," said he, "is effective already but would be perfect if Congress would do its patriotic Christian duty and put every man, woman and child in jail for no less than fifteen years without jury trial for partaking of anything with alcohol in it. This would put a stop to the depression which is God's rebuke to us for defying his law, the Eighteenth Amendment."

LEAVING us with barely strength enough to tell you that Miss Lulu M. Tasker of Washington, D. C., reports that the War Department is having thousands of demands for the Purple Heart medal, a military decoration struck off back in our foundling days "for some reason not yet named." One must have sustained wounds in battle to be entitled to the Purple Heart, she explains; but Congress and the Department are being bombarded with requests by "victims of taxicab accidents, falls down stairs and cinders in the eye. I wouldn't be surprised if someone discovered a forgotten Order of the Yellow Streak soon."

"OUTSIDE of this city," laments Mr. Alfred H. Sudden of Chicago, "no notice was given the recent death of Mr. John M. Kelly, private stenographer and secretary to every mayor we've had since 1907. Think of the endurance, the long-suffering, the fortitude and strength of character it must have taken to hold on through ordeals like those. Doesn't this get into the book of records somewhere?"



CAPTAIN HOBART G. KELWAY of Boston read with deep concern the complaint of Senator Copeland of New York that: "If Congress were a race horse it would get better treatment than it does. It would be watched, rubbed down, rested, exercised and spoken kindly to. We get just the opposite."

"When," demands the captain, "did they pass a law compelling Senator Copeland to run for reëlection or prohibiting him from resigning?"

BEHOLD us rise and pronounce Mr. J. F. Thomson of San Diego, California, an honest man. He writes for our permission to reprint in a local paper an article on Tactical Drill of Our Navy which we published in 1893. If it's that good we'll read it ourselves sometime.

"I'LL bet you," writes Mr. Stephen Yost of Milwaukee, "five tons of hay against a year's subscription that Herbert Hoover's reëlected and that the old budget has to balance itself."

MR. GEORGE McKINNEY of Little Rock, Arkansas, wants to know whether Congress has included in its beneficences any compensation for men "like me who didn't quite get into the Army but sprained both wrists applauding Liberty Loan orators."

WE ARE indebted to our latest copy of the Southern California White Ribboner for the information that among the other victories and benefits of prohibition are: "It has given the United States the world's most efficient industries and given the United States an economic stability whereby we have held up better in the world depression than liquor-ridden nations."

"FROM the wholly wets and holy drys, Good Lord deliver us," is the litany of Mr. Antonio Bastida of San Cristóbal, Pinar del Río, Cuba.

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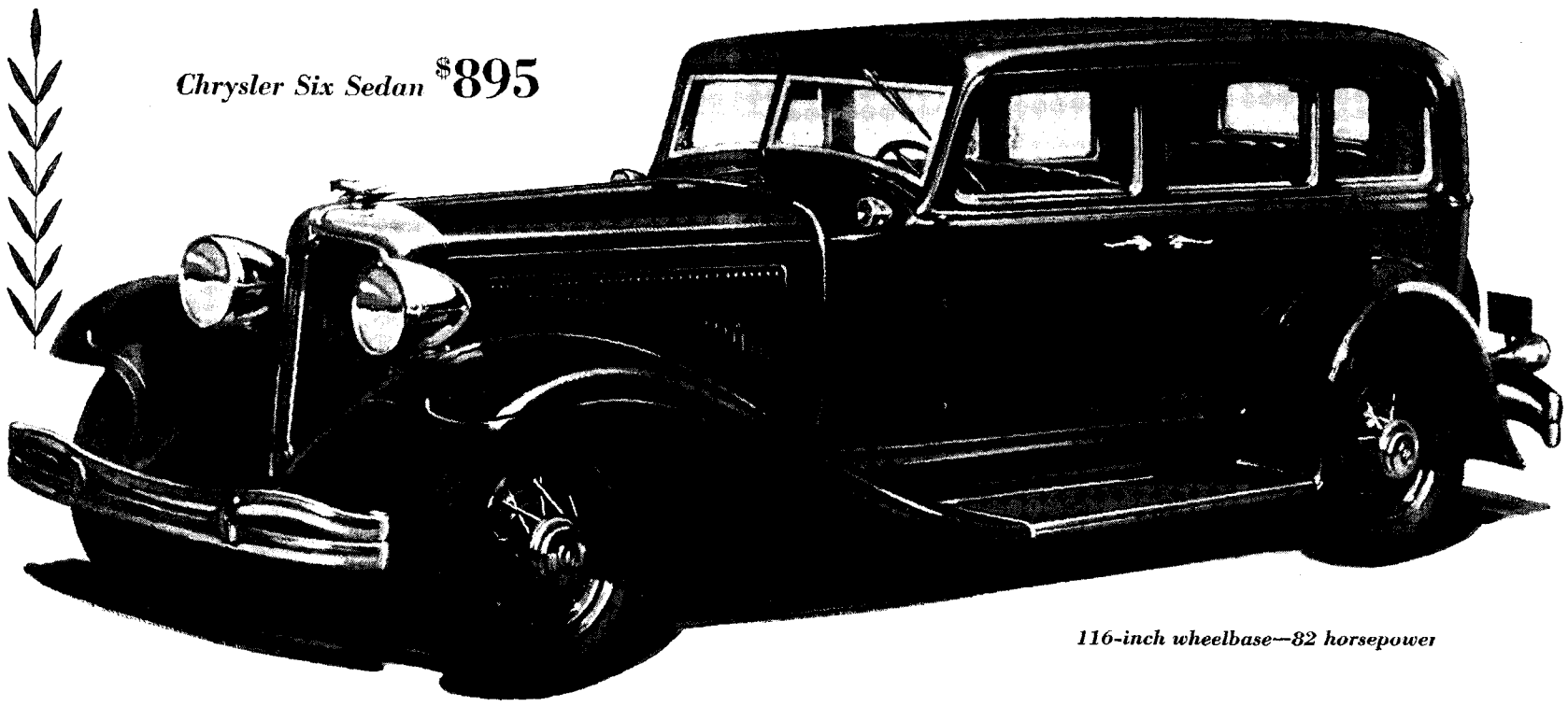

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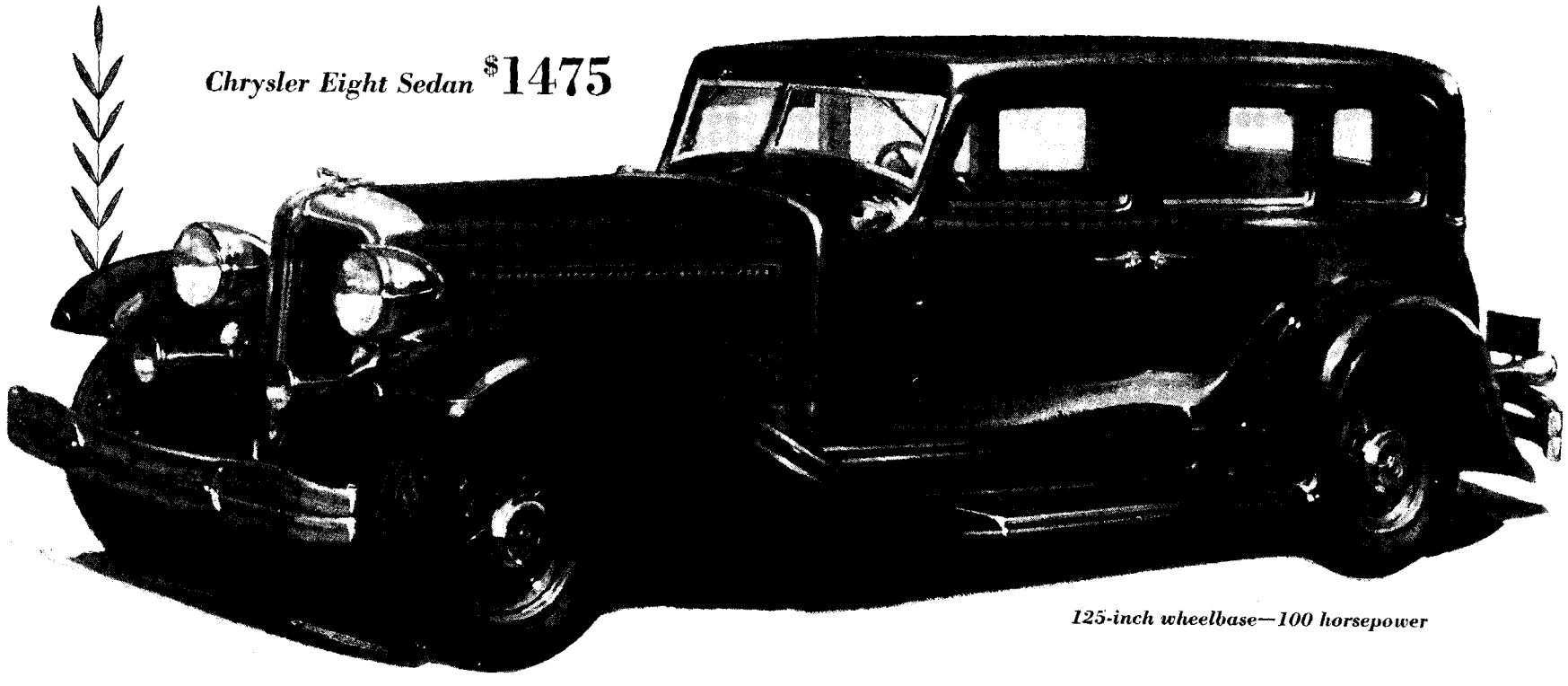

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All motor cars have gone ahead this year. You, of course, want the car that's gone ahead *farthest.*

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Wedding Day

By Gerald Mygatt

"Well, suppose you tell me about Paul on the way down and then leave him to me"

The romance of a girl who had a perfect fiancé

THE only thing Georgie was sorry about at all was the look in Roddy Gillette's eyes. It was a sort of cowed and bewildered look, the look of a faithful dog who has been whipped and can't quite understand, apparently, the reason for the whipping. But aside from Roddy's eyes everything was pretty fairly perfect. Even the weather was perfect. And as for Georgie herself, she was keyed up—as her grandmother had expressed it—to concert pitch. Whatever concert pitch was!

At all events Georgie was keyed up. Though her grandmother and her mother and three aunts and her two sisters were taking care of everything, she herself, quite naturally, wanted to be in on everything too. After all, whose wedding was it?

So since early morning Georgie had been bouncing around like a hunted rabbit, darting here, leaping there, pausing for a breath and a sniff and then darting off again. She had carried blankets down to the boathouse, where the boys were going to bunk. She had rowed across the lake for the mail, all by herself, in the fourteen-foot Adirondack skiff, and with each dip and tug of her oars the water had boiled astern. She had stood with comparative calmness for a last fitting of her mother's wedding dress, which was too large for her, but which, since both of her sisters had been married in it too, was an essential part of the coming ceremony. She had helped with the dishes after luncheon.

"My goodness, I've got to do something," she protested to all objections.

In the afternoon she catalogued the day's influx of presents, pasting identifying numbers upon them and entering names against those same numbers in a sleek leather-bound book made for the purpose. Then she took out the station wagon to meet a load of guests at the afternoon train.

"Whose guests are they anyway?" she said succinctly.

After showing the guests where they were to sleep she gave herself a manicure and then with needle and thread took two inches out of the ancient blue garter of her grandmother's that she was to wear the next day for luck. For it had been decided in solemn conference that Georgie, like all the other Dilworth brides, was to give her vows in "something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue." So it had always been done. Oh, well! After the garter Georgie remembered that the heel of one of her trousseau slippers was loose. So she piled downstairs and hopped into the family flivver and drove it, quite violently, seven miles to the shoemaker's at the village and seven miles back again.

"But Georgie," said her mother helplessly, "you should have told somebody. Anyway you shouldn't have gone alone."

"Why not?"

Her mother tried to think of an adequate reason and failed. So she took it out in mumbling something about Georgie's wedding eve.

"Everybody was out somewhere," said Georgie, tossing her dark curls. "I'd have taken somebody with me if I'd seen anybody. Anyway it isn't my wedding eve yet. It's still broad daylight."

"Eve means the whole day before—"

"Where's Paul?" demanded Georgie. "Where is he—swimming?"

Nobody seemed to know precisely where Georgie's fiancé might be. It was suggested that he was around somewhere. Several of the guests had seen him earlier in the afternoon.

"I'll find him for you," said Roddy Gillette. That was Roddy. He always was on the spot and on the job. Actually that was the trouble with him. He had been on the spot and on the job for years and years and years. He was practically a member of the family. And for years and years, or so it seemed, Georgie had been telling him, periodically, that there wasn't the slightest chance of her marrying him, ever.

"But why not?"

SHE never could answer that, exactly. She knew there must be a reason, but it was a reason exceedingly difficult to put into words. It had something to do, of course, with the fact that she had known Roddy so long. But there were other things that entered in.

One of these, which Georgie would not have admitted for anything on earth, even to herself, was the fact that both her sisters were younger than she was, and—Georgie was very sure—much better-looking. In any event they possessed, in quantity, something she felt she lacked. Whether it was looks or magnetism or whatever it was, Georgie did not know, but she did know that from girlhood up the house had been filled with Nancy's and Sylvia's boys.

Privately Georgie felt a tiny bit of a

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certain sort of scorn for Nancy and Sylvia, for some of their methods were rather obvious and some of them, Georgie thought, were fairly brazen. But the fact remained that the boys swarmed about them. And the fact also remained that they both got themselves engaged and quite prosperously and satisfactorily married while Georgie did neither. And naturally, after they were married, they became faintly patronizing, and sometimes called Georgie "poor old Georgie," and suggested quite seriously that she had better take Roddy Gillette while she could get him. They did not do it meanly. They did it out of sisterly sincerity. But it burned Georgie up.

Then presently Paul came along, and Georgie's self-respect was saved. For Paul was perfect, at least for the purpose of demonstrating to the world—or a seemingly important fraction of the world—that Georgie could get 'em just as big and knock 'em just as dead as either of her two dizzy blond sisters could. He was young and handsome and "correct." He made an amazingly satisfactory fiancé for Georgie. He could always say the correct thing. After he had met her two sisters he said the most correct thing of all. He said, "Georgie, I thought you told me they were beauties?"

"Well, I did."

"MAYBE they are," he observed, "but you could never prove it by me. Perhaps it's because I have a natural distaste for statuesque blondes, but, whatever it is, I'm quite sure now that you are the most modest and self-effacing person on earth."

"Me?" inquired Georgie.

"Quite so. They may be handsome in a blatant way, but you, my dear—you are utterly lovely," he told her.

"I like to hear sounds like that," said Georgie, "but I think you're cuckoo. My nose is too short, for one thing. For another—"

Paul closed his eyes and smiled knowingly. "You are beautiful," he said.

Somehow this high spot of conversation came back to Georgie now, on this afternoon before her wedding, as she looked at Roddy Gillette, who had just offered to locate Paul for her. There was that funny look hovering in Roddy's eyes, a look of which he undoubtedly was unaware. But there it was. Even when he smiled it was there. Roddy was tall and lanky and a little bit clumsy, and his mouth was too big and his face was homely and his hair was reddish. He was no Apollo, certainly. He never paid compliments. But his smile was warm and friendly. It always had been the same.

"Quit kidding me," said Paul, largely. "Dolly knows all about what I'm doing. I'm sticking with Dolly"

Illustrated by Earl Oliver Hurst

Roddy smiled and winked largely at Georgie's mother. Georgie knew that wink. It meant he was nervous about something. Georgie had told him many times about the absurdity and open futility of that wink, but she was not going to remind him of it today. No, today she must be kind, especially to Roddy.

He was saying something. Georgie failed to catch the first of it. "Keg of beer," she heard.

"Keg of beer? That sounds interesting. Where is it? Let's go."

"Well, I'll tell you," said Roddy uneasily. Then he fell silent, looked about him as if for help and fell to pulling his right ear, which was another habit Georgie knew well.

Georgie laughed. It was a relief to see Roddy miserable about something else than herself. It made her feel better.

"I like beer," said Georgie. "Anyway I like one glass. The second glass always goes burp. Is there really a keg of good beer on the place, Roddy?"

His face was beet-red. "Listen," he said, "there's nothing the matter with the beer. I just had some. They brought it in from Canada, or somebody did. This morning, I guess. Only—only—well, I sort of drifted away."

"Temperate youth," said Georgie. Then: "Where is it?"

Roddy Gillette gulped nervously. "Don't let's go down now," he protested. "Listen, Georgie—fellows sort of feel—you know—old times. Old-fashioned idea. You know, like a bachelor dinner."

"But we're having a dinner tonight," said Georgie. "It's going to be a knockout. That college band is coming over from Lake Placid and everything."

"Sure," agreed Roddy vaguely, and once more pulled his ear.

"Where are they, at the boathouse?" Georgie demanded. She felt unjustifiably irritated. She turned to the group. "Come on, everybody. Let's flock down to the boathouse and see an old-fashioned bachelor dinner."

Roddy blocked her way, caught her by the arm. "It's no dinner," he persisted. "I told you it was just a keg of beer. It's all okay. Just Paul and those three friends of his—you know, the best-man guy and those two usher guys."

"Oh!" said Georgie. Momentarily she stood thinking. But presently she addressed Roddy Gillette again: "Roddy, you're a born diplomat if there ever was one. But I ought to know that by now. Suppose you go down to the boathouse, and if you can get Paul's attention for a minute, ask him if he remembers that he was going to take a walk with me to the end of the lake and back. Tell him it doesn't matter, but just ask him if he remembers."

"Sure," said Roddy, and vanished.

WITHIN two minutes Paul himself was at Georgia's side. He bowed with suavity. "Walk?" he said. "Naturally! You don't think I'd forgotten, do you? Why, I was just getting ready to leave that gang as Gillette came in." Paul was very handsome; there could be no question about that.

"I'm ready if you are," said Georgie.

It seemed funny, taking the lake trail with Paul. She had taken it so many times with Roddy; so many, many times. Roddy always strode ahead, sometimes so fast that she had to jog-trot to keep up with him, and when he spoke he spoke laconically and over his shoulder. But Paul did it the other way. He walked behind and talked constantly and ushered her over roots and windfalls and things. Paul was always thoughtful.

"How about climbing Little Nob?" she inquired, shooting the question over her shoulder in a way that reminded her unexpectedly of Roddy Gillette. She lengthened her stride.

"Little Nob? Whatever you say, Georgie. Where is it—and, if I might ask, how far?"

"Can't see it from here," said Georgie crisply. "Trees hide it. It's only about twelve hundred feet up but the trail's fairly rough. About seven miles altogether, there and back. Do us both good."

"Do me good, all right," panted Paul.

They walked hard, and presently Paul fell silent. Georgie could hear him behind her. He seemed to be puffing a little. Well, he would get his second wind. With all the steam she had, for she was exhilarated now with the sheer muscular rhythm of stalking through the woods, she took the short, steep ascent to Peacock Point. And there, as always, she stopped for a moment's breath.

Peacock Point was a high bluff that

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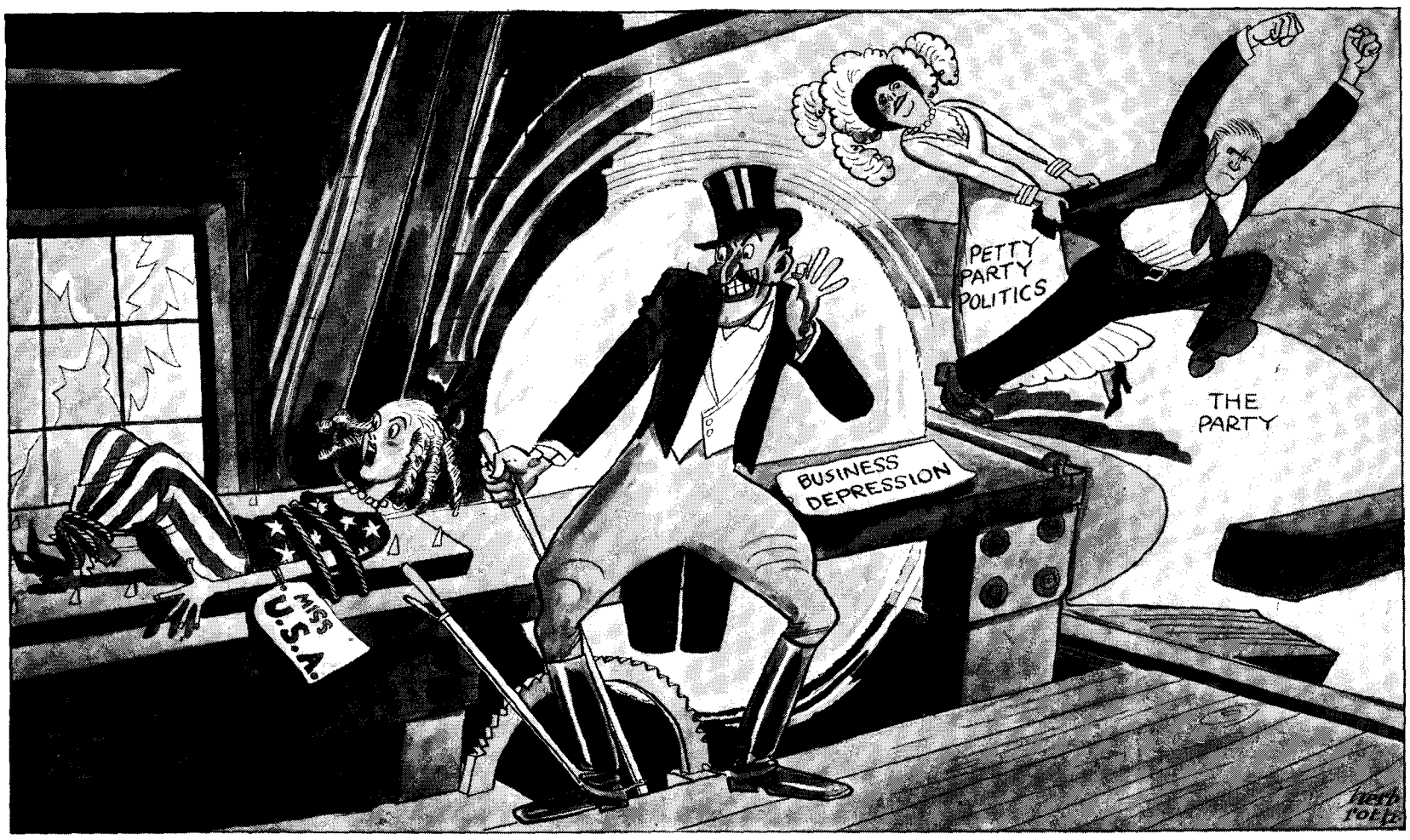

Cartoon by Herb Roth

We stand sadly in need of a party that can rise above its own narrow interests

Now or Never

The man who wrote this article has successfully discharged the duties of high public office. Therefore, you can call him a politician. But smile when you say it. He's an American first and a Democrat second. He talks to you here as a fellow citizen and, while he cannot wholly forget that he is a Democrat, he tells you what you have a right to expect of his party

By Harry Flood Byrd

Ex-Governor of Virginia

WE ARE about to behold in Chicago a test of strength between tradition and opportunity, between habit and duty. To intensify the drama, the test comes at a time of world crisis.

The Democratic party is about to nominate a candidate for President and write the platform upon which he will stand. They must now demonstrate that they can meet the test of national emergency by subordinating every personal or partisan ambition to the common welfare.

If these convening delegates, however glorified their ideals as they forgather, permit old feuds, ancient localisms and prejudiced groups to dictate their words and work, they invite disaster not only for themselves but for this country.

If they are content in their platform to follow the ancient formula, spending the major portion of their time and strength in denunciation of their Republican opponents, they are confessing their own inability to do more.

If the platform they write indicates that their great secret hope for victory in November is in the vote of the disgruntled, the rebellious and of those millions who are blaming our national plight upon Republican rule, they admit thereby that the Democratic party is unequal to our increasingly desperate emergency. Today the people are interested in political party designations mainly in proportion to the willing ability of those wearing them to drop their prejudices and volunteer in the common army of national rescue. That party which has failed to subordinate its own and its organization's love of power and place to the deliverance of the country from its present appalling predicament is unworthy of your vote. And you voters who becloud your minds to the main facts will forfeit the right of the honest man to judge his betrayers.

We Americans are facing conditions more terrible than a war of mere leaden bullets. Our enemy, economic collapse, is gaining strength daily. We are not advancing upon that enemy with confidence or enthusiasm. Perhaps all our courage has not deserted us; but what remains is a down-hearted courage, the desperation of defeatism.

I am a Democrat—and have pride in my party. But I cannot expect the people of this nation to support my party if it places hope for victory and spoils above honest zeal for the national welfare in the current emergency.

Wanted: A Leader

In the present commercial depression, the end of which is not visible, there is no sanctuary within the gates of either party. A Republican can be as hungry as a Democrat; I may shiver in the same cold that benumbs my Republican neighbor. We are Americans. And it is America that is ailing.

As a Democrat I exercise my right to demand that my party nominate an able man who is not the product of trade or compromise, who is unaffiliated with any class or crowd, who represents no organized minority but has the physical and moral courage to place his political welfare second to his country's and to the welfare of the great unorganized majority. A man who would rather serve one term well than two weakly and indifferently.

It is imperative that our next President possess the power to lead, to direct, to be bold. He must represent the man who voted against him with the same honesty and loyalty as he does the man who helped him win. America is menaced by something that is stronger than either party or both parties. Our enemy is a common one. It knows no party. Its hope lies in our cowardice, our lack of courage. Being a creditor nation, we are not popular in the world. Our economic and political collapse would be greeted with the applause of our debtors. To cloak or dissemble our plight or to refuse to recognize the ugly truths that stand in our path is to open the door wide to calamity.

Habit is hard to break. It has been the custom of both political parties to go before the people blaming the other for whatever woes beset the country.

Mob-inciters, whose only hope of continuance in office or of winning office lies in their ability to fire ignorance with ignorance, inveigh against the rich. Reactionaries, hoarding their wealth against miserable possibilities, align themselves as a class against a class.

What's the matter? Are we heroes in the friendly light of day and arrant cowards after dark? Is America, after all, just a mob of selfish individualists? Was the weathering of the Civil War and the World War too much of a strain on a ship of our rig and build? Is this nation to fail for no nobler reason than that its two major political parties disagree?

The True Function of the Party

The hundred and twenty million citizens of the United States seem to have forgotten that neither party is the government; they are merely crews retained at the polls to operate the government.

We seem to have forgotten that we, the people, are the government; that this democracy was designed for us, not for the partisan job-holders. No public servant, whether he be President or the undersheriff of a forgotten county, is fit to occupy his office if he administers it solely for the benefit of his party. A number of reasons beyond a mere election mandate frequently contribute to his winning his place; he is an administrator for the whole people, not for a party, a class, a clique.

Demand then of these Democratic delegates now preparing to convene in Chicago that their efforts be dictated by public welfare and not by parochial politics. They are your representatives, not your rulers. As a nation we have been in the habit of voting for or against men, not principles. Too often we have voted for or against the propaganda in which candidates are wrapped rather than for the man himself. It has been the pleasure of political platform builders in the past to utter blathering generalities and issue their professions and party principles in words so meaningless and phrases so obscure that even

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MONSIEUR LANTIN had met the young woman at the home of the assistant chief of the government bureau where he worked. He fell madly in love with her on sight. She was the daughter of a country doctor. Her circumstances were modest. In keeping with them she was quiet and without affectation.

Lantin thought her perfect. Everybody who knew her agreed with him. Her simple beauty had the charm of angelic modesty. The faint smile which hovered constantly about her lips seemed the reflection of a pure and lovely spirit. There was no one among her many friends who did not applaud her qualities.

"Happy," said all her friends, "the man who wins her love."

Monsieur Lantin's income was small, but adequate, he thought, for marriage. He proposed to this paragon of a girl and was accepted. He was unspeakably happy with her. She managed his household so ably that they seemed to live in luxury. She lavished attention and tenderness upon her husband. Her goodness and charm were so great that after six years of marriage Monsieur Lantin perceived that he loved his wife even more than during the early days of their honeymoon.

She had but two faults in his sight: a love of the theater and a passion for jewelry. Among her friends were a number of women of means who frequently invited her to share a box at the latest play. Naturally her husband escorted her, although it irked him inexpressibly to go out after a hard day at the office.

At length Monsieur Lantin begged her to get some lady of her acquaintance to go with her in his stead. She protested, but he was firm. In the end she consented to his suggestion—to his infinite satisfaction.

With her increasing love for the theater came, of course, a growing desire to adorn her person. And though her costumes remained simple as ever, she took to ornamenting her ears with huge rhinestones that sparkled like diamonds. Around her neck she wore strings of false pearls, and on her arms and hands gold bracelets and rings that were counterfeit.

Often her husband would rebuke her mildly. "My dear," he would say, "since we cannot afford real diamonds, why not be content with your own beauty and modesty, which are the rarest of gems?"

But she would disarm him with the smile he found irresistible, roll the pearl beads through her fingers, display the brightest baubles for his reluctant admiration, and cajole him back to acquiescence.

"Look!" she would say. "Are they not lovely? You would swear they were real."

Again and again, on evenings when they sat together by the open fire, she would empty her jewel case on the tea table and pore lovingly over the glittering heap of ornaments, examining each trifle with passionate attention, as though these bits of colored crystal and glinting alloy were in some way connected with a deep and secret joy. She had a pretty trick, at such times of drawing a rope of pearls about her husband's neck and laughing at him. "How droll you look," she would say. Then she would throw herself into his arms and kiss him fondly.

One evening in winter she went in full array to the opera and caught a chill returning home. Eight days later she died.

Monsieur Lantin's hair turned white within a month. Time did not soften his bereavement. Memories haunted him and he was subject to the most inopportune fits of weeping. In his wife's room, where he permitted nothing to be changed, he spent hours every day, brooding on his sorrow.

But after some time a new trouble somewhat distracted him from his melancholy. His income, which had seemed more than ample under his wife's skillful management, now became insufficient for his own upkeep. He economized, and yet it seemed not enough. He wondered how she had contrived to serve fine wines and other delicacies which he discovered that he could no longer afford.

He incurred some debts and was at length reduced to real poverty. He thought of his wife's false jewels. They had always irritated him and now seemed to tarnish her pure memory. He resolved to sell them if he could and decided to try first the heavy necklace which had been her favorite. He fancied it might fetch six or seven francs—enough for the pocket money he needed badly.

With the necklace in hand he dropped into the first jewelry shop he passed. From this shop he presently emerged in a mood of scorn. The proprietor had offered Monsieur Lantin an incredible sum for his string of beads. "The fool!" muttered Monsieur Lantin. "What if I had taken him at his word!"

But he was puzzled and, after reflection, he proceeded to a fashionable store in the Rue de la Paix. The proprietor came to wait on him, glanced but once at the necklace and exclaimed: "But I know it well! It was bought here. The price was twenty thousand francs. We will buy it back, if you wish, for eighteen thousand."

Monsieur Lantin was dumfounded. He said he must have time to consider. But he left the necklace with the jeweler, taking a receipt for it. Then he stumbled out of doors and wandered the streets aimlessly, trying to understand. After a time he thought: "It must have been a present. A present! A present from whom? Why?"

He stopped walking and stood stock-still in the middle of a street. A horrible doubt assailed him. She? Then all the other gems must have been presents too! The earth seemed to tremble beneath him. That tree yonder was tottering. He threw up his arms and fell to the ground, unconscious.

Passers-by helped him to a near-by chemist's shop where he slowly recovered his senses.

The next day he did not go to his office. He went to the jeweler in the Rue de la Paix and, after due formality, received eighteen bank notes worth a thousand francs each. He thought, "The rich, indeed, are happy. With money it is possible to forget the deepest sorrow."

An hour later he returned with the rest of his wife's jewels. Including the necklace, the whole lot made him richer by exactly a hundred and forty-three thousand francs. His lunch that day included a bottle of wine at twenty francs. In the afternoon he drove to his office, announced an inheritance of three hundred thousand, and resigned. That night he dined at the Café Anglais, and told an aristocratic stranger that he was worth four hundred thousand. Then he went to the theater, where, for the first time in his life, he was not bored.

Six months later he married again. His second wife was a woman of exemplary virtue and violent temper. She led him a dog's life.

Walter C. Klett

For the second and third stories Collier's Weekly will pay

$75 and $50

Your Face in the Sun

It's a rare girl who is as richly endowed as Gwili André, whose face is not only her fortune but a joy to the eye of the beholder. But even a gilt-edged security like that takes watching under the summer sun. Here Miss André gives us out of her own experience tips that will insure the slenderest beauty assets against the raids of the elements, whether by sea or by land

By Betty Thornley Stuart

IF EVER New York saw its ideal blonde walk into the Ritz and claim the best table by divine right, it was when Gwili André descended on our humble shores from Denmark.

Not only was she flawless in herself. She was Paris-perfect in her clothes, her make-up and all those tiny but tremendously important details that turn a promising sketch into a finished portrait. She satisfied the sophisticates as completely as she dazzled the crowd. It was evident that this northern girl had a head, as well as a face and a figure.

Overnight she became "the most beautiful girl in New York." But the East couldn't keep her for unofficial personal appearances. Hollywood stepped in, and America at large is to see her in the movies this summer.

Just before she was temporarily withdrawn from metropolitan circulation, Collier's corralled the coming star for an interview on the subject nearest every woman's heart—how to make the most of what beauty you have with particular attention to protecting it from such hot-weather foes as sun, wind and salt water.

Suppose you're going to sea, as all André's Viking ancestors have done, handing the habit down to their daughter, who has commuted across most of the notable pieces of water, picking up all sorts of beauty information en route—what points should you guard?

Before you start, you must decide the tanning question. Fashion gives no instructions this year except to please yourself. If you're the true blond type, like André, the ivory kind with madonna eyes, the redhead whose tan is mostly freckles or the older woman who likes a fragile pallor with her silver hair, you'd better leave your winter color scheme as is. Substitute for your usual make-up foundation a thick, luscious protective cream, now to be had in so many shades that your own skin tone is sure to be among them. Use plenty of it and go in for that lovely mat-gardenia look, not only on land but in the water, for this particular guardian angel is waterproof. Lots of girls from the tanning contingent will join you when it comes to dance make-up, for here is something that keeps you looking cool whether you are or not. The alternative choice in the anti-tan crusade is a sunburn cream that actually filters the ultra-violet rays, owing to the presence of two organic chemicals. Put it on generously and you won't tan at all. Use it less lavishly and you'll tan gradually but without burning.

But perhaps the sooner you're a beautiful, even, gypsy brown, the better your type is going to look. Brunettes, as a rule, tan to advantage and so do

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Gwili André, Danish beauty who is *Hollywood's* newest and most promising "find"

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The Candidate

The story of two politicians who were great enough to follow where the torch of honor led

By Arthur Somers Roche

"THE Candidate just phoned," I said.

The congressman stared at me.

"Yeah? Now wasn't that sweet of him?" he said.

I stared at him.

"What's the big grouch about, Congressman?" I asked.

"What did he want?" he grunted.

"Asked when it would be convenient for you to call. Say, he was like a boy! Like a kid that's just got a bicycle for Christmas."

"I been thinking it was time you retired, Curtis," he said. "You're out of date. It takes an automobile to excite kids nowadays."

"And I'd like to know what it takes to excite you," I cried. "Here you've done what just couldn't be done. You've taken a dark horse and put him over. You deadlock a convention and let the leaders beat each other, and then—zowie! Did you read the editorial in this morning's Press? It says that political strategy like yours—"

"Yes, I read it," he cut in. "What do you want me to do? Give three cheers for myself? Say, I hear the champion is neglecting his training. That's the way with them all. They don't know that the road to the top is slippery each way. Well, what else did you read in the papers?"

I looked at him hard.

"Say, Congressman, did you throw a party last night? I looked everywhere for you. Where were you?"

"In bed," he told me.

"You never got that head in bed," I said. "Holy mackerel, what a beaut I had! I ripped a flask out of my pocket when Pennsylvania ditched Maclane and came swinging into line, and I emptied it when Ohio asked leave to change her vote, and I took a jolt from Senator Manning's flask when Arkansas moved to make the nomination unanimous, and—"

"I read Ten Nights in a Barroom when I was a lad," he interrupted. "Well, I came back to the hotel and went to bed right after the Candidate started his speech."

"It was a lulu," I said. "In a tough spot, he was. There he was, standing on a platform whose adoption he had protested. If he boosted the platform he knocked himself. If he knocked the platform he still was hurting himself. And he came out of it the swell guy he is! He bowed to the will of the convention but preserved his own right to act and think as—"

"I've read it," he said. "Twice. Once when I wrote it and again this morning in the papers. Yeah, it was a good straddle."

"You bet," I said. "Well, I better ring the Candidate. When'll I say you'll be over?"

"Doesn't he know where I'm stopping?" he asked.

"Why, sure he does," I said. "Didn't he phone here just now to ask when—"

"Did he?" he asked.

"THAT'S what I've been telling you," I said. "And you went to bed early, eh? And got that head from oversleeping, eh? Boy, what would you feel like if you'd *had* a party? Well, what'll I tell him?"

"Oh, ask him if he thinks the champion can make the weight," he said.

I bent over and squinted at him. I fanned myself with my panama.

"You're not feeling so well, Congressman," I said.

"Well, you'll talk me into a hangover pretty soon," he replied. "As a matter of fact, I never felt better in my life."

"And why not?" I grinned at him. I knew something was wrong with him, and a little salve never hurts a sore spot. "You practically made a President yesterday—"

"Oh, did I?" he asked. "Is that how the Candidate feels?"

"Well, how else would he feel? How would anyone feel? Day before yesterday he was the Honorable Whosis, ex-so-and-so. This morning he's the people's choice, the lad that triumphed over the machine, the white-haired boy that's going to retrieve the party's pristine glory, and—"

"Yes, I read the nominating speeches," he said. "I wore out two pencils cutting them down to the right lengths. So that's who he is, eh?"

I quit fanning myself.

"Well, for cryin' out— Well, who did you think he was, Congressman?"

"I thought he was the man who wanted to know when I'd call on him," he answered.

I'm not the dumbest man in the world. He didn't make me attorney-general of my state because I was thick.

"So that's it, eh?" I said. "Say, Billy"—and I never call him Billy unless about to battle him—"you wouldn't act that way."

"What way? And why wouldn't I?" he asked.

"THIS way. I mean—Billy, the Candidate can't call on you."

"No?" He poured himself a cup of coffee.

"No," said I.

"He called yesterday," he reminded me.

"This is today," I told him.

"It always is," he said. He pulled up closer to his breakfast table. "Little *Java*?" he asked.

I shuddered.

"I took my breakfast out of a bottle. Say, you're not going to *eat* those cakes?"

"You didn't think I was going to pad my shoulders with them, did you?" he said.

I shuddered again.

"I wouldn't know what else to do with them," I told him. "I guess you didn't get lit last night, at that."

"Just my natural grouch in the morning," he said.

"Good Lord, don't put *syrup* on them," I begged.

"Don't look if your heart is weak," he chuckled.

"It ain't my heart. It's my stomach and head. Congressman, the Candidate is waiting to hear from you. He told me that he wouldn't make a single appointment until he'd seen you."

"O-o-oh, swee-eet," he said. "Get me out of the way first, eh?"

"Oh, listen, Billy," I said. "You can't act that way. Good grief, he's the next President of the United States."

"Oh, yes? There's a little matter of an election coming on, I hear. Am I right, or am I right?"

I whistled softly.

"So that's it?"

"So what's it?" he asked.

"Now that you've made the match for him you're not sure he can win, eh?"

He speared a wheat cake and sort of spun it on his fork.

"Sure," he said, "sure. And when I was managing pugs I always bet against my boys and made them lie down."

"Aw, Billy, I didn't mean that," I said.

"Then what do you mean?" he asked.

"Darned if I know what I mean," I cried. "I'm so balled up—I came in here to glad-hand you. I think I'll get three cheers and a tiger from you. You took the machine and dumped it on the scrap heap. And you act like you'd lost six straight races. Snap out of it, Billy. Shove back from that table—you'll get fat if you're not careful—and let's go over and see the Candidate."

"Mercy me!" said he. "Without letting him know we're on our way?"

"HE'S keeping time open for you," I said. "I'll phone him."

"Sure, phone him," he said. "Tell him I'm waiting right here for him."

I looked at him, not knowing what to make of him.

"But, Billy, you can't," I said. "He's the *Candidate*. You got him nominated and—"

"Yeah, me and Frankenstein," he said.

"Aw, be yourself," I pleaded. "Everyone calls on the Candidate. He doesn't call on anyone."

"I'm not anyone," he said.

I shook my head slowly.

"Billy, for the first time in my life—

Illustrated by Marshall Frantz

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I'm not proud of you," I said, angrily.

"Now, don't *you* make me cry," he said. "I've got troubles enough on my hands."

"You'll have more if you act this way," I said.

"What way?" he asked.

"GOOD grief, do you think the disappointed lads are going to take it lying down? The Candidate can be elected—yes. But there's dissension—bound to be. The machine feels you put something over. The boys will be out boosting publicly, but—those favorite sons that thought they were going to get the nomination have friends, you know. The old knife is being sharpened at a hundred grindstones this bright morning, Billy. The least hint of a split between you and the Candidate—"

"Who hinted it?" he asked sharply.

He glared at me.

"Oke, Congressman," I said. "I'll phone the Candidate."

I whipped around on my heel and started for the door.

"I got phones here," he said softly. "Save you a lot of steps if you use one of them."

Last night's celebration had stolen some of that schoolgirl complexion from me, but I could feel my cheeks burn now.

"Have it your way," I said.

I walked to the nearest phone and picked it up.

"Outside, please," I said. "General Curtis speaking." I heard him snort as I named myself. He was always kidding me about the way I liked that military title that my office gave me. At that, though, I've noticed that he still likes to be called Congressman, and he hasn't held office for twenty years. We all have our weaknesses. "Give me the Candidate," I said.

"I WANT to speak to the Candidate," I said a moment later. "This is General Curtis. . . . W-e-ll, how's the Candidate?" I asked. "No, don't thank me," I said. "I just did my little bit to help bring the party back to the high, bright road from which it had wandered, sir. The magic of your name—"

"Save it for the stump," the congressman cut in. "It'll go swell on the radio. Tell him I want him."

I could feel even my ears go red. The Candidate asked a question.

"The congressman, sir?" I said. "Why, I'll tell you, sir, he's a shade indisposed this morning. He wondered if you could possibly find it convenient to drop in any time tod—"

The congressman stirred the sugar in his coffee until I thought he'd break the cup. His eyes were plenty angry.

"He wishes to know," I cut in on the Candidate's expression of sympathy, "if you could come over here? What? Right away? I'll tell him, sir."

I hung up.

"What a man," I said. "No swelled head about him. Coming right over. Terribly sorry you're not feeling well—"

"Yes, I gathered I'm ill," he said. "Or maybe it's the swelled head?"

"Maybe it is," I said.

And with that I walked to the door, and my stride was stiff. I felt as though my legs were made of icicles and might break under me. I'd known the congressman twenty years and he'd never acted like this before.

"That's right," he said. "Meet the Candidate outside and explain that while I'm a little out of sorts, you're in the friendliest mood, and—"

I wheeled instantly.

The congressman reached for the telephone. "There's fifty newspaper men outside," he said. "Say 'yes' to Peters, or I'll call them in and tell them I've resigned"

"Billy, what in blazes is the matter with you? Do you think there's anything in the world would make me rat on you?"

"Secretary of the Interior is a swell title," he said.

I could feel the red leave my face.

"WHAT do you mean?" I asked. "Do you mean that—that the Candidate—"

"I wouldn't offend him," he said. "It's in his mind. And Secretary Curtis sounds a lot sweller than Attorney-General Curtis, eh?"

"The Cabinet," I whispered.

"Why not? That is, of course, if he's elected."

"*If* he's elected? Have you any doubt?"

"A lot of things can happen in four months," he said. "I mean—a few wrong moves—getting people sore at him—"

I took some steps toward him.

"Billy, are *you* sore at him?" I asked.

"Well, suppose I was?" he asked.

"But you *couldn't* be," I said. "My God, Billy, you *made* him. And doesn't he know it? They tell me that last night he just about broke down. Said that he'd never forget what you'd done for him. Said he'd never dreamed that such loyalty and devotion could exist."

"Yeah, that's in the papers, too," he said. "And this morning he wants *me* to call on *him*."

I came right close to him.

"*Billy!* You *are* sore! Why, I wouldn't believe it if I didn't see it and hear it! You—you're *small*, Billy."

"Oh, am I? And you've just found it out, eh?" he said. "Well, when you can choose between a big man and a small man, there's only one choice, isn't there? You'd better go outside and meet the Candidate on his way in. Of course, everyone will be handshaking him, but if you break a couple of his knuckles he'll remember you. Secretary Curtis. It sure sounds swell."

I tried to read his face, but gave it up. I sat down.

"Oh, I guess I'll stick around, Congressman," I said.

"The ship may be sinking," he said.

"THAT'S the second time you've hinted I'd rat on you," I said.

"Well, it isn't only rats that leave a doomed ship," he said. "There are passengers, you know."

"And there's the crew," I said. "The crew sticks." I lighted a cigarette. "You don't mind my saying, Billy, that I don't get you, that I think you're the biggest disappointment in my life?"

"No," he said. "I don't mind anything, Secretary Curtis." He smacked his lips. "If I were you, I'd do a lot of thinking, Curt."

"Oh, would you?" I said. "And if I were you maybe I'd do the same."

"And then we'd both have headaches," he said.

The phone rang. He picked it up.

"The Candidate's outside? Send him in," he said. He hung up and looked at me. "He'll be here in ten seconds," he said to me, "*Secretary* Curtis."

"You speaking to me?" I said. "I hate public office."

"Then you won't mind not holding one," he said.

Then he called "Come in," as a knock sounded on the door, and in came the Candidate.

Looking at him, it was hard to realize that he was fifty-three. To me he was just the fresh-faced young lawyer that had come to see the congressman twenty-five years ago, and told him that he thought it was his duty to try and clean up local politics.

Told that to the *congressman*, who had been mussing up local politics for

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Born to Sing

Victor Herbert befriended her and so did Mrs. Henry Clay Barnabee. Her enemies were as carefully chosen as her friends. She met and conquered jealousy, envy and love. Here Miss Nielsen tells of her rise to national celebrity

By Alice Nielsen

Harold Seton Collection

Jessie Bartlett Davis, prima donna of The Bostonians

NOW I had entered the great world—the glittering world where fame dwelt. Fortunately I did not realize then that, as a member of the most famous light-opera organization in the world—The Bostonians—I had risen from the streets of Kansas City to a place in the musical world which to ten thousand excellent singers would have meant the pinnacle of achievement. Had such realization come to me, had I been possessed of the seriously adult mentality which takes life solemnly, I might have been impressed by my fine fortune and thereby made humble. And then my second-best talent—my childlike effrontery—would have suffered and I might have become self-conscious.

In perfectly plain language, I had crashed The Bostonians. Naturally they wouldn't have taken me had I not been able to sing up to their standards; but there were many voices in America capable of maintaining The Bostonians' standards—many voices which never had the chance. The proximity of fame and fortune, the presence of greatness, the conceits of genius, the pomp and circumstance of the lordly—all these things went over my head, leaving me as naïve, as heedless (and sometimes headless), as impudent and as rowdy as ever. I could have done with a little more diplomacy and a little less of the gamin, but then I should not have been Alice Nielsen. As it was, I would have crashed the sacred Bostonians had it necessitated smuggling myself into their hearing in their baggage truck or lowering myself from a skylight—singing as I descended.

But now I was to meet and know a number of men and women who were to teach me much, influence me this way and that, to collaborate (without knowing it) in making my simple life richer. I shall not attempt to set down their names in the order of their importance to me, nor will this brief list include them all. But those whom I was to know best, who were closest to me, were Victor Herbert, Lillian Russell, Eleonora Duse, Henry Russell, director of the San Carlos and the Boston Opera Companies; Tom Williams, president of the California Jockey Club; Consuelo Yznaga, the Cuban-American Duchess of Manchester, and Clara Barnabee, the wife of Henry Clay Barnabee of The Bostonians. There were others, of course—Melba, Nordica, Caruso, Pol Plançon; but theirs was a professional rather than an intimate contact. These artists taught me many things, directly and indirectly; the more intimate ones taught me that there was a great deal more to life than song. And that was something I had yet to learn when I was accepted by The Bostonians in San Francisco.

From the beginning I was not overpopular with all the members of the cast. But a happy-go-lucky heart, a skin thickened by much rubbing against adversity, and a natural love of singing (my own, in particular) that closed out almost everything else, saved me from hurt. No female member of the company was in any danger of being popular with the superb Jessie (O Promise Me) Bartlett Davis, but she liked me a little less than the others and the fault was largely my own. Generally speaking, The Bostonians were as magnificent physically as artistically. Large people, deep of chest, wide of hip, inclined to develop chin upon chin. But sing? Mother of Heaven, how they could sing!

And I was small, petite, the eternal ingénue, a singing soubrette. My legs, my ankles, my feet had won elaborate praise in San Francisco. Just how worthy they were, modesty forbids me even to guess. But this I know: my childish figure was even more pronounced amid Bostonian ruggedness.

Unkind Critics

Mentally and temperamentally, too, I was far from conventional adulthood. All things considered, the engagement of Alice Nielsen, the singing soubrette, by the staid Bostonians was in itself remarkable if not sensational.

I'm quite sure that Davis' antipathy to me was not founded wholly upon physical envy, because she had ample beauty herself. But she was annoyed by my pertness, my brash disregard for Bostonian dignity and, not least in importance, by the habit of the critics and newspaper paragraphers of comparing my lack of tonnage with my Amazonian associates. I think it was in Chicago that a newspaper had thought it necessary to allude to me as the mouse brought forth by the labor of the Bostonian mountains. All of which was, of course, very unkind.

And Davis' small love for me was not at all enhanced by a gentleman in the gallery who, during a performance of Victor Herbert's The Serenade, made it clear to her that there was a vast disparity in our sizes. In one scene it was up to me to propose to Davis that she and I exchange clothes that, thus disguised, she might flee her convent and marry her Alvarado.

"Take her up, Jessie," bawled the galleryite. "I'll go out and get you a shoehorn."

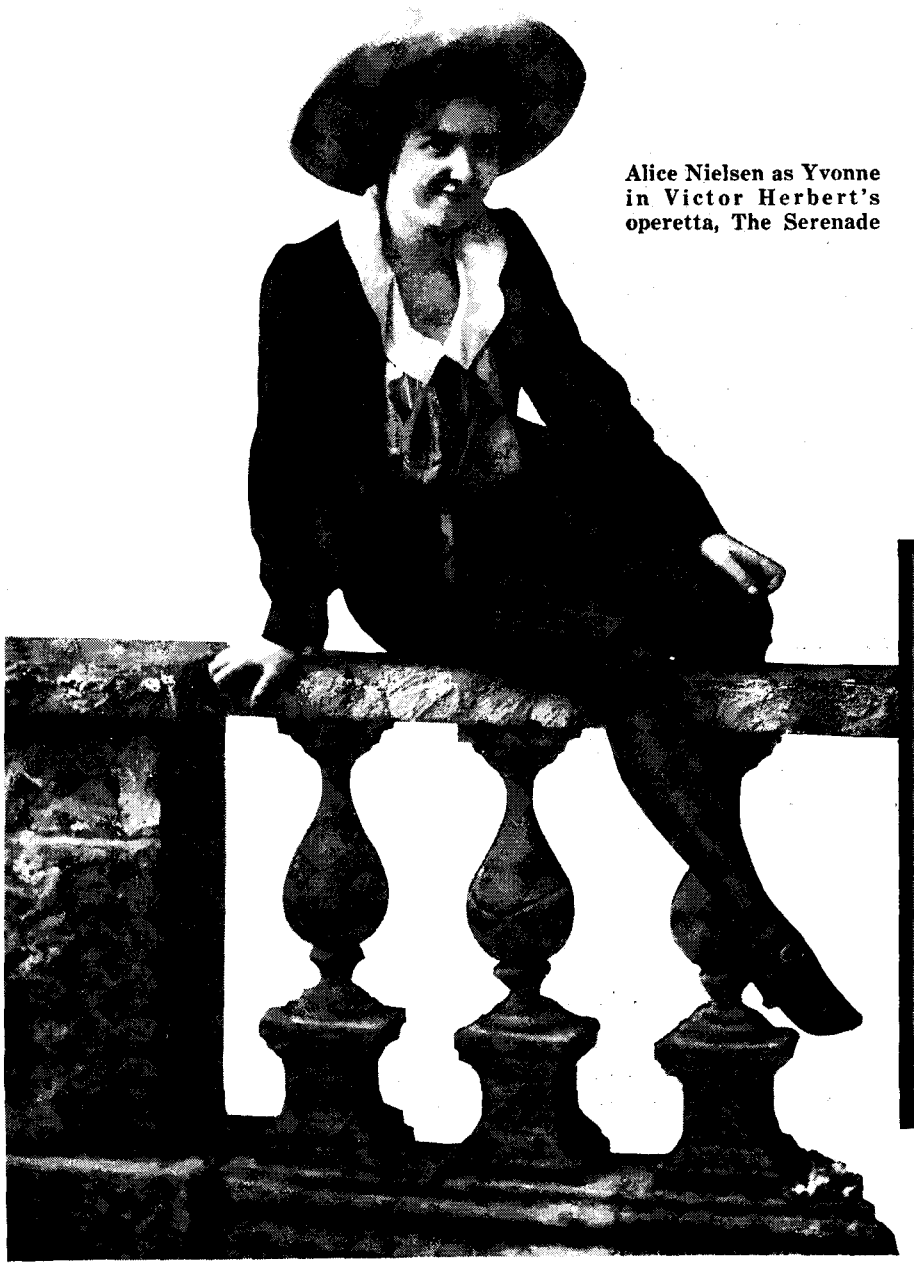
Davis was furious—so furious, indeed, that she accused me of having paid the man to make his criticism of her bulk. Alas, with all my faults and incivilities, such flank attacks upon my rivals were beyond me. I never thought in such dangerous terms.

The whole episode of The Serenade had deepened Davis' dislike for me. We, The Bostonians, had sung Robin Hood and the rest of the company's honorable repertoire until, with all its beauty, it was growing a bit threadbare. We sang Jules Jordan's A War-Time Wedding for a few nights, only to find that it was a dismal failure.

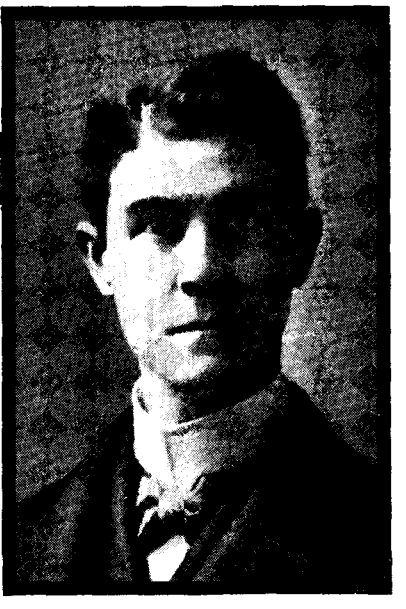
An Appeal to Victor Herbert

The young Victor Herbert was appealed to and he got to work on what was to be The Serenade. I had never seen him and, as far as I know, he had never seen or heard of me. But his wife had and, bless her gentle heart, she ran from the theater to tell Victor that she had found the ideal Yvonne for The Serenade. Whereat he came to hear me and it was my fortune to be in particularly good voice and spirit that night.

The Serenade finished, the matter of casting was taken up. One of the loveliest of light-opera prima donnas was with us then, Hilda Clark. She and I alternated the lyric-soprano rôles, although the great fame was still (and justly so) the property of Davis, who, as I think I have said, was a mezzo. Victor had stipulated that, however the other parts might be assigned, he would choose his Yvonne, the lead soprano.



Alice Nielsen as Yvonne in Victor Herbert's operetta, The Serenade



Tom Williams, backer of Miss Nielsen's Comic Opera Company

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Therefore, in Chicago, at dress rehearsals both Clark and I sang the rôle for Victor.

Quite honestly and without any false modesty, Clark sang it better. She was in much better voice that afternoon anyway. Furthermore she sang it with that dignity that became her own statuesque presence and all the Bostonian dignity. The eternal gamin in me came to my aid. I sang it as well as I could but burlesqued the character. I danced where Clark, with her beautiful composure, was still. That which had come to my aid when I bolted upon the Tivoli stage in San Francisco, doing Ada Lewis' dance, came to me now. I added all my fire, all my nimble clowning to Yvonne—and sang it as well as I knew how. And Victor Herbert was overjoyed. I had taken a long chance, for it was dangerous to take liberties with his characters. But luck was still my friend.

Barnabee for Alice

"Alice is Yvonne," said Victor with an air of finality.

"But," protested Will Macdonald, the great baritone of The Bostonians, who shared with Henry Barnabee the last word in Bostonian affairs, "the part is Hilda Clark's—hers by right of contract. She's our leading prima donna."

"That's your affair," said Victor. "I'm not arguing about Clark's voice. I'm merely telling you that Nielsen's Yvonne."

"I must insist," said Macdonald, "upon Clark."

"That's final?" asked Victor.

"Final," said Macdonald.

"That's too bad for all of us," snapped Victor. He gathered up the score of The Serenade and marched out. For a moment we were all paralyzed. Then Clark, Macdonald, Barnabee and I ran after him.

"You've said your last word," said Victor, "and so have I. Nielsen's Yvonne or The Serenade goes elsewhere. Good-by."

As Madame Butterfly

But they detained him while Macdonald and Barnabee consulted, dismissing Clark and me without ceremony. It didn't take long. Victor seemed to know but one sentence—"Nielsen's Yvonne." But Macdonald, who was not only in love with Davis but shared her coldness for me, took me aside and said:

"Very much against my wishes, I have agreed to divide the honors between you and Clark. You may open in one of three cities, New York, Boston or Chicago. Now take your damn' pick!"

Something told me that Victor Herbert had not agreed to anything like that. I could still hear him say "Nielsen's Yvonne." So everything that was selfish in me made the answer. I was like that in those days. There was but one person to fight for—Alice Nielsen.

"I'll take all three," I said coolly.

And I got all three. Victor was still insisting that "Nielsen's Yvonne."

I should hesitate to tell this, an episode in which I have no pride, had it not been that Hilda Clark came to me that afternoon and, with a generosity that left me ashamed, told me that Victor Herbert was right—that I was Yvonne.

"Alas," said she with her beautiful, rueful smile, "I have no comedy. I cannot dance. Yvonne must have comedy and must dance. You can do both. Victor is right; you are Yvonne."

And Hilda Clark never spared herself to give me every possible atom of her support. There was not a shred of selfishness in her. I have learned much since those days; I have seen much; I can only hope that I felt a little humble in the presence of her fine spirit.

But the point here is that I was more unpopular than ever with the Davis-Macdonald faction. What saved me was that Henry Clay Barnabee and his wife, Clara, were on my side. How much they were actuated by a deep affection for me and how much by their lack of enthusiasm for the Macdonald-Davis faction is not pertinent here. I do know that Clara Barnabee all but adopted me. I was hardly more than twenty-one years old and looked less. To her I was a child and her pent-up maternalism was lavished upon me, as it was at times upon her kindly, erratic, talented husband.

Within her breast there raged a never-ending battle between love for him and resentment against an early affair he had had with a young singer. After that episode, which I was never able to believe was half as serious as she imagined, she was never more to him than—well, a nurse or even an ever-fretting mother. If he spent the night and his last dollar gambling, she would be waiting for him when he came home to her—and he always returned. If he was suffering the remorse that came of his little, weak errings, she comforted him. If he fell ill, she doctored and nursed him. She was his valet, his dresser, his secretary. Without her he would have been as lost as the most forgotten soul. He was no longer her husband, but something for which she was responsible, for which one day she would have to give an accounting.

And through all those years he paid her fifteen dollars a week. The Bostonians paid her expenses. When, after years, The Bostonians were in the last stages of disintegration, driven now into the dim background by new music, new singers, new ideas, new methods, Macdonald and Barnabee, wakening to their plight but not comprehending it, turned hither and yon for money with which to stave off the inevitable.

The response from the bankers and the managers was emphatic. Although Macdonald and Barnabee could not understand, their erstwhile backers made it clear that the day of The Bostonians was closing, its vogue finished. And then Clara Barnabee came forward with ten thousand dollars in her thin hand and gave it to her husband. It was the accumulation of the few dollars he had given her every week through all those years.

And Barnabee, always the emotional child, fell on his knees before her, quite speechless. Very gently she forced the money into his hand, saying that it did not matter what became of her, her life was The Bostonians. If it should die—why, then, so would she. I lack the details, but her money vanished like a handful of clouds in a great wind. Whether it helped prolong the life of the dying company, I don't know. Whether any part of it went to the gamblers who preyed upon Henry Barnabee, I don't know. But when it was gone and The Bostonians had become sweet history, they took gentle, sacrificing Clara Barnabee to a hospital where she lived her few remaining days, talking of the glories she had seen.

In The Fortune Teller, 1899

One of Reginald De Koven's finest artistic efforts was an opera of which the present generation probably never heard. Indeed, few of my own generation knew it. There was something ill-fated about it—Don Quixote. The piece was hoodooed from the beginning. It opened in Utica, N. Y., with Barnabee in the title rôle. The curtain raised on the first act with Jessie Bartlett Davis singing a serenade to somebody and Don Quixote in nightshirt and nightcap peering from a window of an inn.

The Collapse of The Bostonians

Barnabee was standing on a stepladder and for realism's sake leaned out of the window, thereby resting his weight against the flat that represented the front of the inn. The curtain had scarcely reached the arch when the flat gave away under Barnabee's weight and down it came, fetching Barnabee, nightshirt, nightcap and stepladder with it. And there lay Barnabee, cursing horribly, the audience and the rest of the cast weak with laughter. The curtain was rung down, Barnabee dusted off and the opera begun afresh.

On the second night the jinx attacked the second act wherein Don Quixote is hauled around the stage in a crate on a small cart. But the bottom of the crate fell out and, in a painfully cramped position, the rest of the crate remaining intact, Barnabee had to creep along on his hands and knees—again cursing ferociously. Fortunately his language was drowned by the lusty choral singing.

They tried Don Quixote again, and this time Don Quixote's horse, Rosinante, sat down like a dog in the center of the stage while the thoroughly armored Don slid down the nag's back and reposed on the floor, too burdened with hardware to rise. These and other absurdities were enough for The Bostonians. Don Quixote was stowed away in the camphor chest. Doubtless it might have been rescued therefrom had somewhat different methods been adopted in presenting it; but there was one Bostonian formula and only one; things were done that way or not done at all—by The Bostonians.

Nor could they see after I had been with them for a year that, whatever my talent as an artist, I was a valuable drawing card. They headlined me. They starred me. I was becoming famous. Yet they would not pay me more than fifty dollars a week. I asked for a hundred and fifty—little enough; but even Barnabee was against me there. I was lucky to be a Bostonian, they said. There were other girls who would be glad to take my place for fifty dollars. My answer was as prompt as it was characteristic:

"Very well, pick one. I'm through."

Perhaps it is a bit unbecoming of me to say it, yet it is true that soon after I departed The Bostonians began to disintegrate. And their collapse was swift. With me went their business manager, Frank Perley, and Eugene Cowles, their superb basso, both of whom were to be with me in my immediate leap into stardom—the Alice Nielsen Comic Opera Company. Tom Williams, one of the finest characters I was ever to know, was our financial backer. Dear Tom Williams. The time was to come when I had to choose between him and my career as a singer and the choosing was to be my first great sorrow. I simply could not compel myself to retire. I went on singing. Tom Williams, telling me gently that he hoped I would

(Continued on page 49)

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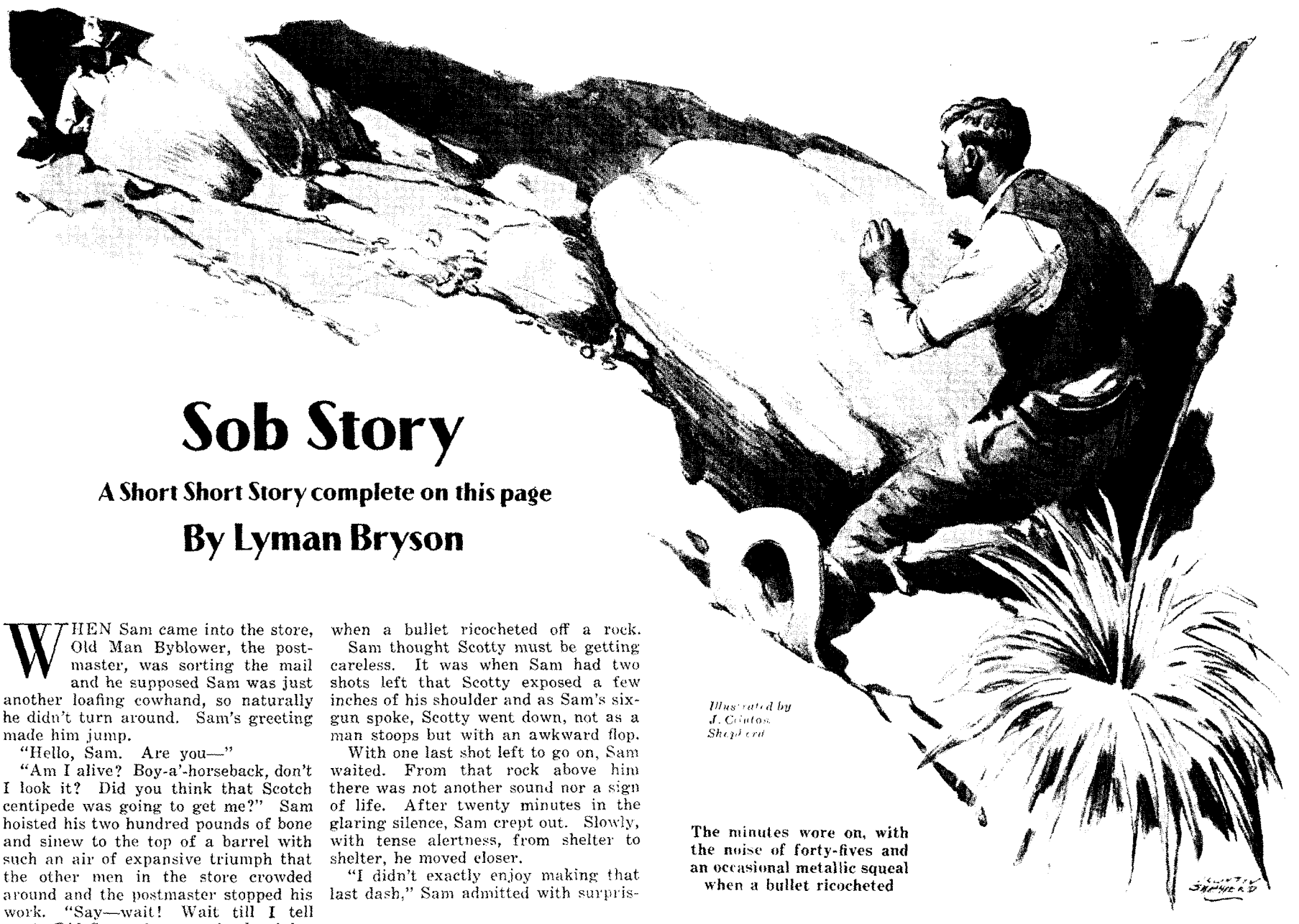

Sob Story

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Lyman Bryson

Illustrated by J. Clinton Shepherd

The minutes wore on, with the noise of forty-fives and an occasional metallic squeal when a bullet ricocheted

WHEN Sam came into the store, Old Man Byblower, the postmaster, was sorting the mail and he supposed Sam was just another loafing cowhand, so naturally he didn't turn around. Sam's greeting made him jump.

"Hello, Sam. Are you—"

"Am I alive? Boy-a'-horseback, don't I look it? Did you think that Scotch centipede was going to get me?" Sam hoisted his two hundred pounds of bone and sinew to the top of a barrel with such an air of expansive triumph that the other men in the store crowded around and the postmaster stopped his work. "Say—wait! Wait till I tell you! Did Scotty have me in the tightest box a man ever got into? He did. Did I get out of it? Likewise yes."

He waved a large hand in a gesture of airy competence. "At present date that would-be assassin of yours truly is riding out of these parts so full of shock and dumfusion he don't care what.

"I came in here this morning," Sam continued, "expecting a letter from my girl, Biscuits, who is the person all this fracas was about. She works in Smalley's eating house over by the Ridge."

His audience nodded together. They knew Biscuits. They also knew she had put her red-headed self between Sam and Scotty, partners of ten years' standing, and there was a rumor that those two had gone up Joshua Canyon three days ago to shoot it out.

SAM did not need to remind them that Joshua Canyon was a rock-littered arroyo, far enough off the road so that shooting parties held there would be unobserved; a dry, crackling, sun-drenched place with one Joshua tree and no comforts.

"Scotty had considerable length of hisself to hide, so he went up first," said Sam. "First shot was a warning and after that we both had cover. We had one beltful of ammunition apiece."

Sam located the other duelist exactly by the whine of a bullet and a spit of white smoke from behind a big boulder thirty yards up the canyon. He chose his own rock without undue deliberation and replied in kind. They knew each other too well, after ten years' riding together, to take any chances. The minutes wore on, with the noise of forty-fives and an occasional metallic squeal when a bullet ricocheted off a rock.

Sam thought Scotty must be getting careless. It was when Sam had two shots left that Scotty exposed a few inches of his shoulder and as Sam's six-gun spoke, Scotty went down, not as a man stoops but with an awkward flop.

With one last shot left to go on, Sam waited. From that rock above him there was not another sound nor a sign of life. After twenty minutes in the glaring silence, Sam crept out. Slowly, with tense alertness, from shelter to shelter, he moved closer.

"I didn't exactly enjoy making that last dash," Sam admitted with surpris-

"She works in Smalley's eating house over by the Ridge"

ing modesty. "Scotty's hide-out was up in a narrow corner, so it was kind of hard to figure out a way to get above it without too much scrambling, and right in front of his place it was flat and empty. I'm a swell target in the open, but I went right on out there." Sam let his eye roam over his audience. "And then I saw his boots. They was sticking out from the side of his shelter, both of 'em pointing up, and they looked terrible dead."

He paused again to observe the sensational effect of his narrative. "And, boys, I'm willing to say I was worried. Them boots looked too dead to be real. I looked at 'em harder and I saw for a fact they was empty!

"Now I knew hooting well I couldn't of shot Scotty clean out of his boots. But my brain was working and suddenly I saw it all. That horn' toad had slickered me. He'd left his boots there for a dee-coy and right that minute he was up the hill behind me somewheres with his gun pointed right at the small of my back.

"If I turned around to locate him, he'd shoot. If I jumped for cover, he'd shoot. If I went ahead, he'd shoot; and if I stayed right there—likewise. Of course, he might of missed, but he wasn't liable to."

OLD Man Byblower was poised over the counter with his mouth open and one of the cowhands grunted and shook his head. Sam calmly pulled out his tobacco, rolled a cigarette and flipped it into the corner of his mouth.

"Consequently, I done the only thing in the world that could of saved my hide."

"You disappeared into thin air," suggested the postmaster.

"You're wrong, Mr. Byblower. I ain't so unresourceful. No, sir. I sat down right out there in the open and bust into grief."

"You bust into—who?"

"I bust out crying. I bawled like a roped calf, only it was more touching. You get the idea? I was seeing the boots of my old partner turned up and me responsible. Could he shoot me in the back when I was bellerin' on account of his demise? He could not. Even that skinny maverick couldn't of done it. I wished I could of seen him, up there behind me, getting all ready to let me have it and then having it dawn on him that I was broken-hearted over him being shot; and scratching his head sheepish-like, and not being able to figure what to do next. I got pretty hot and sweaty sitting there and crying so hard in the sun and I didn't enjoy it much after the first half an hour or so. But I stuck it out. I sweated and cried, taking no chances, until it was pretty near sunset.

"And that's how I outsmarted him," Sam concluded. "And he snuck off, no doubt, completely overcame with dumfoundment and defeat."

The listeners stared at him with admiration. Sam lighted his cigarette and his wide gesture accepted the homage due. "I don't figure these Scotchmen so wise," he remarked. "I ain't seen him since. And I won't be seeing him neither. He's skipped."

Mr. Byblower chuckled. "No, I expect you won't be seeing him again, Sam," he agreed. "Here's a postcard for you."

THE hero took the card and turned it over slowly. On one side was a picture of a hotel in Mojave and there was a cross scratched on one of the upstairs windows and underneath, "X marks the spot." On the other side was a message signed "Scotty." It read: "Dear Sam—Me and Biscuits was married as soon as I could get over to the Ridge and find a preacher. P. S. Are you still bawling up in the canyon?"

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Emergency Man

By Clinton W. Gilbert

NO PARTY since the Republican party met in 1860 to nominate Abraham Lincoln has ever had such a chance of rising to the occasion and serving the country so worthily in an emergency as the Democratic party has today.

Among those whom the Democrats may nominate for the Presidency are two very great men, Owen D. Young and Alfred E. Smith. Look back over the history of the last century and see if you can find any party convention that has had among its possible choices for the Presidency two men who would stand undiminished among our few great Presidents.

Conventions have before them an endless succession of Polks, Pierces, Buchanans, Grants, Hayeses and McKinleys, and these do very well in the happy moments of a care-free democracy. But how often does a convention have under its consideration a Jackson, a Lincoln or a Theodore Roosevelt? And how much less often is a party so rich that it may choose as its candidate, if it will, either of two men of superlative quality?

Neither Mr. Young nor ex-Governor Smith is a candidate in the sense of seeking the nomination for the Presidency. The former, in fact, has said that he cannot accept it. But no man has ever been nominated and refused his party's call. And in this instance the national crisis is so great that no man whom the representatives of one half the country regard as best qualified to serve the nation can refuse the duty laid upon him.

No More Mickey Mouses

Mr. Smith's whole course in the last year bears out the belief that his one aim is to influence his party to offer the country a program and a candidate adequate to this grave period.

When Al Smith announced a few months ago that his friends might use his name in the election of delegates to the Democratic national convention, he spoke of himself as the "leader" of his party, and people wondered if that were just a vain word covering the personal pique of a defeated and subsequently ignored candidate. But does anyone doubt his moral leadership of his party today, however many delegates he may command in the convention hall?

If the Democratic party, when this convention is over, is to be anything more than an opposition, seeking office solely on the basis that the country desires a change of administration, no matter what that change of administration may mean, it will owe all its positive qualities to Al Smith. If it is to be positive rather than negative it will be because Al Smith has made it so. If it is to have a substantive program it will be because Al Smith has given it character. If it is to have a candidate worthy of the emergency it will be because it regards the charge that Al Smith has laid upon it, and, looking at that charge, it has decided that it is not one to lay upon weak shoulders.

Al Smith's great radio speech of May 16th in New York was a call to arms against the depression. It was a bid to his country and to his party to assume the offensive.

Naturally, perhaps, the first reaction of the country to the depression was wholly defensive. President Hoover's policies, whatever their name, really aimed to keep things from growing worse. And in a large measure doubtless they have succeeded. It was not until Young and Smith and Baruch persuaded the Democrats in Congress to advocate borrowing and spending by the government on a large scale that a real offensive, any effort to set the market for labor and goods in motion, was suggested.

And Smith's speech followed the Young-Smith-Baruch proposal, outlining a complete constructive program that aroused the admiration of the country and, perhaps, awoke the Democratic party from its dream of drifting into office through the misfortunes of the party in power. It put squarely before his party the question whether it should nominate some Mickey Mouse for the Presidency merely because 1932 may be a year in which a Mickey Mouse on the Democratic ticket may be elected to the Presidency.

With that speech Al Smith suddenly assumed the stature of a national statesman. He had been a great governor of New York and a brilliant politician. But as a candidate for President in 1928 he had been somewhat disappointing to his admirers. His touch on national questions, aside from prohibition, had been unsure. He seemed provincial. In the field of national affairs he appeared a little like a student who had hastily crammed for an examination.

A New Type of Leader

When he was defeated for President, he turned to other affairs than politics. He seemed to lose interest. But, after all, it is great crises that develop great men. Lincoln, without sharing in the nation's agony of the Civil War, might have been nothing more than a smart Illinois politician.

And it is the agony of the depression that has made Al Smith a statesman. He has seen the terror of it in the business world of New York City. He has seen the cruelty of it as one who has played a leading part in the effort to provide employment and food for the poor and hungry.

The magnanimity of Smith's New York radio speech is striking. It is free from all the pettiness of opposing for the sake of opposition. And magnanimity is the quality of a great personality. Smith puts saving of the country above all personal and party considerations. He differs with President Hoover on one or two issues but he differs just as radically with representatives of his own party in Congress.

Smith would intrust powers to the President to deal with the reorganization of the government. He advises Congress to repeal the reservations attached to the moratorium, designed to prevent the President from dealing promptly with the crisis over the foreign war debts. He attacks the soldiers' bonus graft in unqualified language.

No candidate ever spoke as this man speaks. He rises above personal ambition and all the petty meanness of politics, all the cowardly unwillingness of politics, to give credit to an adversary where credit is due. And he has little reason to be magnanimous to Mr. Hoover, remembering the cowardly and underhanded campaign that Mr. Hoover's supporters conducted against him in 1928.

Whether he succeeds or not at the Democratic convention, he has given the country the most brilliant example of political leadership of the nobler sort. He asked his friends in the country to give him votes in the convention, not to secure his own nomination, but the nomination of a President who would be equal to the task that will lie before the next occupant of the White House. This was so unparalleled a request that no one could believe his eyes when he read it. And no one but Al Smith could on such a proposal have secured 100 to 150 delegates after nearly half the Democratic party was already committed to a candidate.

And he has done more than that. By his own leadership, by his own speeches, by his own energetic attack upon the depression, he has taught the country what kind of man it needs in the White House in the next four years.

Of course parties like to nominate a Mickey Mouse, a candidate who has never voiced an opinion that might offend a single voter among the 50,000,000 possible electors. But this is an extraordinary year. The national crisis which has developed Al Smith into a great leader will be his ally at Chicago.

Acme

The national crisis has added political stature to Alfred E. Smith

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Marjorie's Million

They said Tom Halliday was a foolish young man and as for Marjorie—but you read the story

By Dwight Mitchell Wiley

TOM HALLIDAY, in his office on the nineteenth floor of the Halliday Building, opened the Lakeport Evening Telegram to pages six and seven where, a notice on the front page had assured him, he would find the intimate, sensational, exclusive, fully illustrated story of his family's rise and fall.

The crash itself, the most resounding in the city's annals, now was history and had been since the headlines in the morning papers. Though the Telegram devoted four full first-page columns to it, captioned "Liabilities Exceed Twelve Million; Assets Under Three," it recognized that this was mere reverberation. What the readers wanted now was something personal to get their teeth into; the dope, the inside dope, on Lakeport's oldest, richest, most dramatic family.

The exploits and the eccentricities of Hallidays had been a whispered legend for the most part of a hundred years and now the public was entitled to a printed revel. It wanted to be told just what had really happened to the one who got to be a countess; what the butler wore on state occasions; if it were the truth that thirty thousand dollars' worth of pre-war liquor had been buried in the basement of Knob Hill.

The public wanted to be told again the story of the strike in '93, which Emmet Halliday had arbitrated with the handle of a pick; it wanted to be told some more about Miss Emily, who rode to hounds until she reached the age of eighty-one, and, it was said, insisted that they pull her boots on just before she died; it felt entitled now to see in print the tale of Emmet's brother Abner who declined to settle down to business and who went away to get to be a Turkish general or something and who, people said, had had a harem towards the end.

THIS salty saga was served up from 1839 to date and spiced with pictures. The Mill in 1843 was shown employing seven men; the Mills in 1929 employing seven thousand. There was a photograph of the old mansion, right where Lakeport's Auditorium now stood, and Knob Hill, with the polo field and stables. There was Emmet, looking vigorous in sideburns; old George from the portrait in the Union Club; the senator; a raffish character spuriously entitled Abner, beneath a fez; Tom himself, on Fadeaway.

The chronicle was highly laudatory for the most part. Hallidays were unaccountable, of course, and given to their moments, but they'd played a leading part in Lakeport's progress. A contentious, civic-minded, headstrong, forward-looking, arbitrary, altruistic breed whose dazzling philanthropies or callous unconcerns were as incongruous as they were unpredictable.

The Telegram had dealt in very decent fashion with the Hallidays, Tom felt. Yes, even when the story concluded with himself. There was, of course, an unescapable obituary flavor to the paragraph devoted, at the end, to him. But that was natural. The Telegram quite obviously felt the story of the Hallidays had ended. Hallidays were of the past. The picture of the rich man's son astride a polo pony pointed the moral, and the Telegram was kindly brief with words.

The editor could not, of course, resist the implication that the Mills, the Fortune and the Family could not have come to this if some old shrewd, pugnacious Halliday had been summoned from the past to take the helm. Old George, the Telegram implied, would not have spent these last two years decoratively in the rotogravure sections; the senator would likely have arranged a suave agreement and emerged another million better off; Tom's father would have ripped his collar open, waded in, beat off his competition.

YOUNG Thomas Halliday, the Telegram deplored, had never been an active factor in the business, though doubtless very adequate upon a horse. At his father's death the management had passed to an executive committee. While young Tom was being debonair at Meadowbrook and Aiken, entertaining polo people at Knob Hill, there had been rumors that financial control was being quietly acquired by a group of bankers. Now the failure. And the story of the Hallidays was ended.

Doubtless—though, the Telegram explained, they could not reach him for a statement — Tom's entire fortune had been swept away, for in the year before the crash the stock had shriveled all the way from par to nine. And now it would be useful, probably, to wrap Tom's polo costume in. Because he wouldn't, chances were, be needing it again. So Knob Hill would go; the ponies, the prestige, the pleasant leisure.

Well, Tom Halliday was not the only one. In 1931 the factory whistles blew for many amiable playboys. Playboys, after all, the Telegram suggested, were a trifle un-American and irritating to the rest of us. And so, if young Tom Halliday was forced to give up butlers, boutonnières and bacchanals, the rest of us would bear up somehow.

Miss Annister, who was the total staff of the small office Tom maintained, came in.

"I've spent the day," she said, "convincing people you were in New York. Reporters, mostly. Here's a stack of fan mail, too."

"Fan mail?"

"You're a public character today," Miss Annister announced. "Five people I am sure you never heard of wrote to say that they were glad you'd lost your money. A Miss Besom takes three pages to inform you it's a judgment of the Lord. A man who says your father once discharged him gloats."

"You mean to say that people actually wrote that stuff?"

"There's twenty-six in all," his secretary said.

"FOR Pete's sake let me see them," Tom said. "Wasn't anybody sympathetic?"

"One," said Miss Annister. "A Pete Giacomo. He says he was a foreman in the plant for forty years. Now he's retired and he's got eleven thousand dollars, and you come see Pete, he says. I thought you'd want to read it. Here."

"Dad would have liked that letter," Tom said.

"Something in your eye?" Miss Annister inquired. "Yes, I thought there would be. Here's one from a most sincerely Marjorie MacLean who wants to see you on a matter of importance."

"Her letter smells good," Tom said.

Illustrated by Irving Nurick

Tom found his voice with somewhat hollow

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"I thought you'd think so," said Miss Annister. "You'd like her voice too, probably. She phoned a few times while you were at lunch."

"Marjorie MacLean," Tom said. "There used to be a young MacLean. A menace. Always underfoot a year or so ago. She stole a horse of mine and broke her collar bone."

"This," said Miss Annister, "would be the one."

"No," Tom explained, "this was just a kid. They had to send her off. Reform school or abroad or something. This couldn't be the one."

"It's bound to be," Miss Annister announced.

"Well, write her anyway," Tom said, "and ask her what she wants. And tell her I've just left for Afghanistan."

"I told her Akron," said his secretary. "And even that had no effect. She's here now."

"Well," Tom sighed, "I guess we better let her in."

"I guess we'd better," said Miss Annister.

"I guess you're right all right," Tom said, "she seems to be the one."

But they were wrong, of course. Ridiculously wrong. This lovely creature couldn't ever possibly have been the terrible MacLean kid. Not ever. Possibly. The terrible MacLean kid was so terrible the neighbors finally took a rising vote and did away with her or something. While anyone could see that this sweet girl had spent her whole life patting little children, culling violets and helping deaf old ladies across streets. The way she looked at you, so sort of modest and demure and elevating, why, you had no choice at all. You just dropped everything and led a better, cleaner life. What could old Clara have been thinking of!

"I'm Marjorie MacLean," said Marjorie MacLean.

HER voice, too, Tom thought. Low and hesitant and shy and thrilling. She sounded scared, too. Looked scared, too. Why, darn it all, the girl was scared. Tom glared about to locate and abolish what had frightened her and met the cold, sardonic eye of Clara Annister.

"I suppose by this time you've decided that you'll not be needing me for quite a while," Miss Annister remarked and sniffed. A sniff that practically amounted to sacrilege.

"Won't you sit down?" Tom asked. "It's nice of you to come."

That sounded silly, but what did you say to girls like this—except, of course, there were no other girls like this—who wrote and phoned and came to see you about something which they said was vital?

"I guess," said Marjorie, "you don't remember me."

"You couldn't be," Tom stated. "Why, you were—she was—"

"Terrible?" suggested Miss MacLean.

"No, no," Tom said a little wildly. "No, no, no. No, no."

"You told me once I was a menace," Marjorie sighed.

"I couldn't have," Tom said, "I simply couldn't have. But that was years and years ago."

"You don't think I would be a menace now?"

"Good Lord!" Tom answered, shocked. Imagine anyone imagining that this sweet, gentle girl could be a menace!

She sat up straight in a chair beside his desk, and now Tom saw her hands were clenched, that she was overwrought and trying bravely for composure.

"See here," Tom said, "this surely can't be anything to get upset about. Just tell me what it is."

She nodded and her eyes met his. She looked so tiny and unpractical and so determined! Like a little child, he thought, who'd made up her mind not to cry, no matter what they did.

"I d-d-didn't think," she breathed, in such a small voice that Tom leaned closer toward her, "I didn't think that it would be so d-d-difficult."

"There, there," Tom said.

"It s-s-seemed so plausible, you see," she said.

"I'm sure it is."

"And b-b-businesslike," she specified. "I don't see why I have to feel so s-s-silly. And you hear about it all the time."

"Sure," Tom assured her. "Every day. You're dog-gone right you do."

"And practical," she said. "Unless you've other offers. H-h-have you?"

"I can't think of any at the moment," Tom assured her.

"You see," she said, "it all occurred to me at once. As soon as I had read the paper. And especially the part about Knob Hill and having to give up all that and everything and polo. Of course you'd have to give this your consideration. And advise me at your earliest convenience. To be b-b-businesslike."

"Well, how about this evening?" Tom asked, brightening.

"You're sure that wouldn't be too soon? I thought you'd want to call some conferences. Like they do."

"No," Tom declared. "This evening. Not a minute later. Hallidays are men of action. Firm. Decisive. Snappy."

"THEN I'll meet you here," said Marjorie, "at half past eight."

"Here?" Tom asked. "I kind of had in mind a big duck dinner somewhere."

"No," she decided. "In the office. And have things to sign. Or notaries. Like banks and things when they arrange them."

"Certainly," Tom said. "I'll get all set. I wonder though—I'm just suggesting this, of course—if you'd mind telling me just what it is we're going to arrange. Don't though, if it upsets you."

"Why!" she exclaimed. "The m-m-merger!"

"Yes, of course," Tom said.

"I th-th-thought we ought to call it that. So it would s-s-sound industrial."

Suddenly she looked at Tom, her eyes wide with surprise.

"Oh!" she said. "You haven't understood!"

"The Hallidays are slow to grasp," Tom informed her, "but they're like bulldogs once they get a hold."

"Oh!" she said. "It's going to be d-d-difficult again."

"No, no," Tom assured her. "Take a long breath now. Tell me in your own words."

Marjorie took a long, long breath.

"What I had in m-m-mind," she explained, "was g-g-getting married."

"Getting married!"

"Well," said Marjorie, "you see, I have this m-m-million dollars."

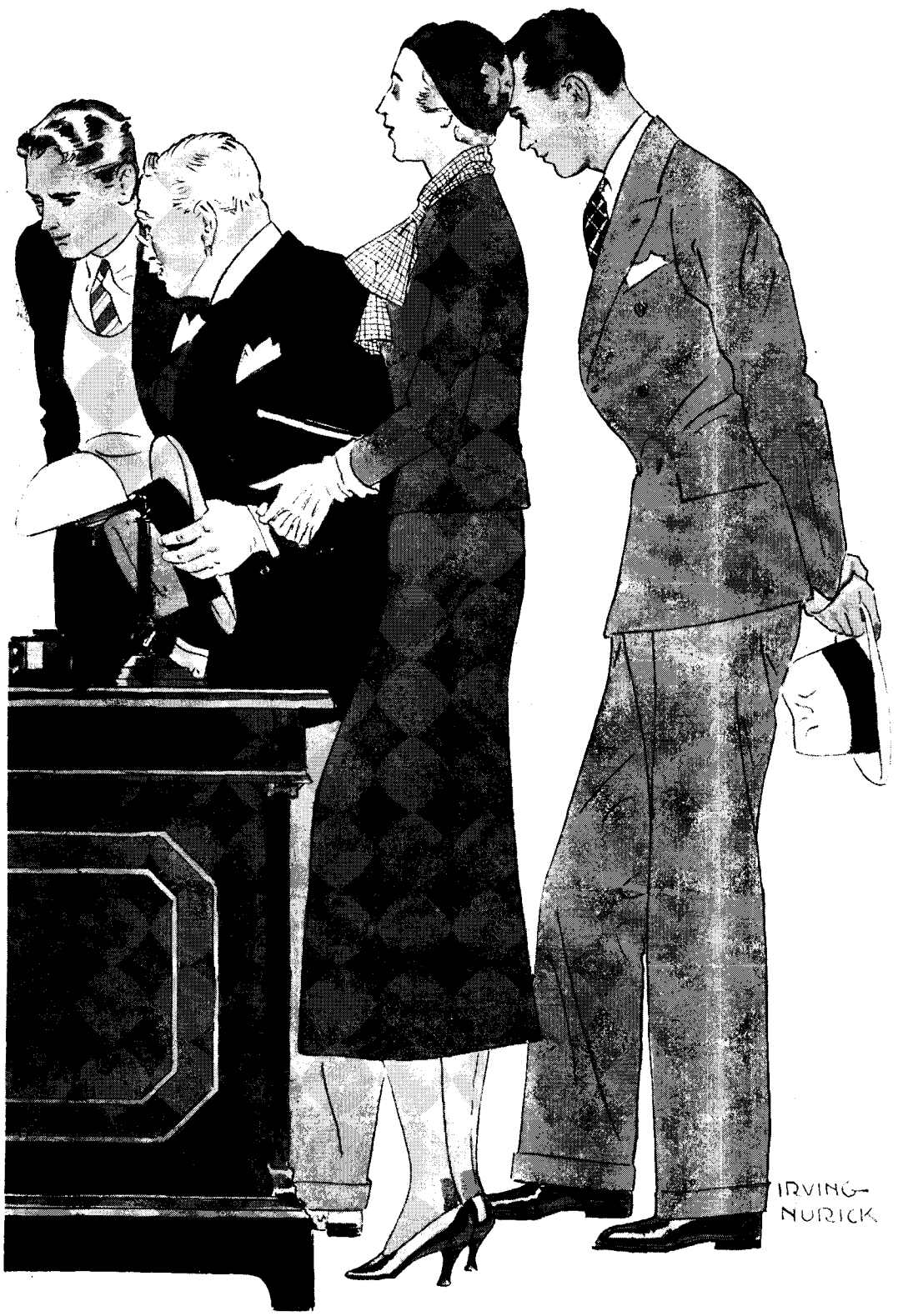
When Thomas Halliday recovered to the point where he was able once again to paw the air feebly he saw that Marjorie MacLean was gone. The girl was gone and Thomas had a feeling she had taken something with her. Something personal.

HE PEERED about a little vaguely to discover what was missing and then realized it was his breath. Yes, that was it. Yes, when she left she took his breath away. However, in the rarefied and rosy regions where he seemed to sort of swim he didn't, at the moment, need it. She could have it. Permanently. And did anybody ever hear of anybody half so sweet and wonderful and cute and kind of saintly somehow? No! Did anybody ever seriously dream that girls like that existed? No! As man to man, now, did you, honestly? The answer still was no.

There's nothing, really, quite like having some nice ornamental girl come in and offer you a million dollars and her hand. It gives you more miles to the gallon, instantly removes all facial blemishes, pays you six per cent with safety, teaches you to play the ukulele and is good for tired feet. It opens up the pores and gives you greater distance off the tee and keeps your hair from falling out. It's swell and should be taken frequently.

You couldn't think of it, of course. Of letting her. Good Lord, no! Why, the child just didn't have the least idea what she proposed. Marriage simply was a word to her. Love was a noun that rhymed with stars above on valentines. It had no more real significance

(Continued on page 42)



heartiness. "So glad you happened to drop in"

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The Mask of Fu Manchu

By Sax Rohmer

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

"Someone spoke from the pulpit that evening. I

The Story Thus Far:

SI-FAN, a mighty secret organization, is planning a world-wide revolution. The plotters *must* gain possession of certain "sacred" relics of El Mokanna, the long-dead "Veiled Prophet of Khorassân." The puissant and terrible Dr. Fu Manchu is mysteriously involved.

Sir Lionel Barton, noted Orientalist, has the relics, and he resolves to hold them at any cost. With the members of his party (Sir Denis Nayland Smith, a brilliant detective; Shan Greville, who tells the story, and his lovely fiancée, Rima Barton, Sir Lionel's niece) he goes to Cairo. There they are met by the famous Dr. Petrie.

Weird adventures follow. . . . Greville, under the influence of a mysterious drug which puts him entirely in the power of Fu Manchu, hands Rima over to him. When Greville comes out of this strange period of amnesia he remembers *nothing*, except that Fah Lo Suee, Fu Manchu's beautiful daughter, had some part in it all; and, also, at one time he heard a crippled beggar say: "He will be crowned in Damascus."

Finally terms are made for the return of Rima—the relics to be the ransom—in the King's Chamber of the Great Pyramid. While sentries wait outside, Fu Manchu himself returns Rima to Greville and Nayland Smith. How the doctor entered the pyramid and how he is going to leave it is an unsolvable mystery as all exits are guarded by Nayland Smith's men. Rima is speedily taken to a hotel, too exhausted to speak.

Outside the Great Pyramid the others wait. They are silently joined by a horde of dervishes. Suddenly a great light appears, two thirds of the way up the face of the pyramid, where no mortal man could climb—and standing in the brilliant illumination is a figure, its face concealed by a golden mask! El Mokanna!

Then, as suddenly as it appeared, the light vanishes. The murmuring crowd disperses. Then Sir Lionel begins to laugh. "He's tricked us, Smith!" he cries. "But, by God, I've tricked him."

IX

THE story of the second Masked Prophet, although extreme precautions were taken by the British Secret Service and by Sir Denis Nayland Smith, nevertheless leaked out and into the newspapers of Europe and America. It is well known today to everybody, so far as externals go.

Journalistic espionage triumphed even before the Prophet appeared in Egypt. That ominous disturbance moving from Afghanistân down through Persia was paragraphed in the London Daily Telegraph, in The Globe of New York, and in Le Temps of Paris. The Indian papers had fairly long accounts.

When that strange rumor, hitherto unsupported by tangible evidence, reached Egypt, a special correspondent of the Daily Mail interviewed prominent Moslems. With one exception, these denied all knowledge of the matter. The one—a learned Imâm whose name I have forgotten, but which may be found in the files of the newspaper in question—admitted that news of this movement had come to him. But, he informed his interviewer, it was confined to members of certain unorthodox sects; therefore he was not in a position to express any opinion regarding it.

This interview must have taken place, I suppose, at about the time that we reached Cairo. It was not prominently featured; but later came a column account by the same correspondent of a second gathering of Wise Men, numbering not three, but, according to his estimate, seventy; and a story of the apparition on the Great Pyramid which closely corresponded to the truth.

Since no other newspaper carried this story, I can only suppose that the correspondent of the Daily Mail was staying at Mena House.

Throughout these exacting days I lived in a state of unrelieved suspense. The watch on the pyramid had had no result; the place was opened again to the public. Rima, who narrowly escaped a serious breakdown, was not fit to be moved for some time. Indeed, during the first forty-eight hours, Dr. Petrie was unable to conceal his anxiety.

THE chief remained at Shepheard's, awaiting the return of Ali Mahmoud with the heavy baggage; but I had moved to the hotel by the Pyramids in order to be near Rima. She suffered from a strange delusion that I was dead, and my presence was frequently required to reassure her. Later I learned the origin of this obsession, which at the time puzzled me, as it puzzled Petrie.

Acting partly, I think, upon that one memory which remained to me of the hiatus preceding Rima's abduction, Sir Denis had proceeded posthaste in a Royal Air Force plane to Damascus.

The chief during this period was wrapped in one of his most impossible moods. A score of times I tried to discuss the mystery of Fu Manchu's disappearance; and:

"Your measurements were wrong, Greville," was his invariable conclusion.

Characteristically, he did not question his own!

He referred, of course, to the investigation which we had carried out there, based upon his conviction that there were other chambers in the Great Pyramid. Skeptical as I had been at the time, I was disposed now to believe that Sir Lionel's extraordinary imagination had not misguided him.

Failing the existence of other chambers, and, more astounding still, of another exit, the escape of Dr. Fu Manchu was susceptible of no material explanation. The later apparition of the Masked Prophet at an inaccessible point on the northern slope might have been accounted for by daring trickery.

But these were trying days indeed. Knowing, as everyone knows who has spent much time among Orientals, that news travels there faster than radio can carry it, I killed many idle hours in the native quarter, listening to the talk of shopkeepers, peddlers and mendicants.

IN THIS way, thanks to my knowledge of vernacular Arabic, I kept abreast of the Mokanna movement. Probably I knew, before Nayland Smith and the British Intelligence Service knew, that the threat of that uprising grew less day by day. It had proved abortive; something had gone wrong. I used to report to the chief such scraps of rumor as reached me. They seemed to afford him matter for amusement.

"We'll sail on the next P. & O., Greville," he said one night. "Rima should be fit enough by then. It's high time we were out of Egypt. I'm only waiting for Ali Mahmoud. . . ."

And then at last came a day when Petrie announced to me, privately, that Rima was ready, was anxious, to be questioned—to tell her own story.

"Only you and I, Greville," he stipulated. "It remains dangerous ground and Barton is liable to prove an irritant. . . ."

We had tea with her, Petrie and I, on the balcony of her room overlooking the pyramids. It was Sunday. The tourist season now was in nearly full flower. Camels with grotesquely poor riders paced up the slope to that little plateau which contains two of the wonders of the world: the Great Pyramid and the Sphinx. There were many cars. In the garden, smart Egyptians and their women occupied the best tables, regarding English, French and American tourists with thinly veiled amusement.

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have never seen such mass fanaticism in my life"

Rima looked almost ethereal after her strange nervous illness, but so utterly desirable that I felt a savage urge to take her in my arms and stifle her with kisses. But, now that the fear phase had passed, I saw that she regarded me with a queer aloofness.

When her story was told. I understood. . . .

"Of course, Shan, Dr. Petrie has made it all clear to me. You should be grateful to him, dear. I think he has saved me from. . . .

"It was that night when you called for me at Shepheard's—but, of course, I'm forgetting; you know nothing about it! You see, Shan, after your disappearance on the evening of our arrival, I was simply in a frenzy. They kept it from me for a long time—Uncle and Sir Denis and the doctor. But at last they had to tell me, of course.

"I didn't know what to do with myself. I began to think that my crazy behavior was attracting attention—and I rushed up to my room. I had been there only a few minutes when one of the servants brought me a note—from *you*."

"It was a forgery!" I cried. "It must have been!"

"Don't interrupt, Greville," said Petrie quietly. "These are the *facts*. Remember that they relate to a period during which your own evidence is not available."

Good heavens! it was true. A great part of that night was a blank to me. . . .

"IT WAS from *you*," Rima went on. "You asked me to tell no one but to come out at once and join you. . . . I couldn't wait for the lift: I simply raced downstairs and out on to the terrace. An Egyptian chauffeur in a blue uniform met me and showed me where you were waiting—"

"I was waiting! Where?"

"Just opposite the hotel, beside a French landaulet. Of course I ran across to you. Shan! you simply *hauled* me in! You were grim to the *n*th degree! But I was so utterly happy that at first I thought of nothing except that I had found you again.

"Then, Shan—oh, heavens . . . Shan!"

"Don't let the memory upset you, Rima," said Petrie. "It's all passed and done with. You know, my dear, he's the *third* victim, as I have told you. All three of us, Greville, at various times, have had similar experiences at the hands of our Chinese friend."

"I understand," I replied, watching Rima; "I begin to understand. Go on, darling."

"It came to me, my dear, that you were *mad!* I saw, in a flash, what had happened—because something like it had once happened to *me*. I fought with you—oh, my God, how I fought; it was terrible! Then, when I realized it was useless, I tried to *will* you to know what you were doing.

"We passed through Gîzeh Village, and were out on the causeway to here, when the driver pulled up, suddenly. A tall man, dressed in black, was standing in the roadway. He came forward to the right of the car—and I recognized him—

"It was Dr. Fu Manchu!"

"Rima!"

"I began to collapse. I couldn't stand much more. He spoke to you. I didn't hear the words; but — Shan — you fell back on the seat as though you were—*dead*. . . .

"It was the last straw. I believe I made a fool of myself—or they may have drugged me; but I dropped out.

"When I opened my eyes again, after a thousand years of nightmare, I found myself in a strange but delightful room. I was lying on a couch, wrapped in a silk dressing-gown; and an old Negress sat sewing near me. . . .

"It turned out to be part of a suite in a house which must have been right outside Cairo; because all I could see from the little windows in the *mushrabiyeh* screens was miles and miles of desert. I suppose the Negress was a servant of Dr. Fu Manchu, but she was certainly a sweet old thing.

"My first waking thought, Shan, was about you! But the old woman could tell me nothing. She merely said over and over again, 'Don't fret, honey child; it will sure be all right.'

"I spent a whole day in those three small rooms. It was quite impossible to get out, and the old Negress never left me. No one else came near us. She did all she could to make me comfortable, but I refused to touch food. I have never passed through such a day in my life. I felt myself to be slowly going mad with suspense. Once, a long way over the desert, I saw some camels; that was towards evening. Otherwise, I saw nothing. . . .

"At sunset the Negress lighted the lamps; and she had only just done so when I heard the sound of a gong somewhere in the house below.

"By this time I was in a state of suppressed frenzy, and when I heard that sound I wanted to shriek. The old woman gave me a warning glance, whispered, 'Don't fret, honey child; it will sure be all right,' and went and stood by the door.

"I heard footsteps outside; the door was unlocked—and Dr. Fu Manchu came in!

"HE WAS dressed as I remembered him in London—but the horrible thing was that he seemed to be much *younger!* I must have been nearer to crashing than I knew at the time; for I can't recall one word that he said to me, except that he made me understand, Shan, that your life depended upon *me*.

"Evidently he saw that I was likely to collapse at any moment. He spoke to the old Negress in some language I had never heard—and then forced me to drink a glass of some rather sweet white wine.

"After that I remember him watching me very intently and speaking again. His voice seemed to fade away and his awful eyes to grow larger and larger—"

"Like a green lake!" I burst in—"which swallowed you up! I know. I know!"

"*How* do you know?" Petrie asked sharply. "When did you derive that curious impression?"

He was studying me keenly; and at once I grasped the significance of my words. They echoed some submerged memory of the hiatus! But, in the moment of uttering them, that memory slipped back again into the limbo of the subconscious.

"No good, Doctor," I said, shaking my head. "You were right—but it's gone! Go on, Rima."

Rima, who seemed intuitively to have seized upon the purpose underlying Petrie's question, looked at me pathetically, and then:

"I *know* you know, Shan dear," she went on. "But you can't remember—nor can I. Because I woke in a gloomy stone chamber, lighted by a round, green lamp—"

"The King's Chamber, Greville," Petrie interpolated. "Rima had never seen it before, it seems."

"DR. FU MANCHU was sitting by a small table and there was a big stone sarcophagus just behind him. I was standing in front of him. There was no one else there; and the *silence* was dreadful.

"'Behind this coffer,' he said, and pointed with an incredibly long finger, 'you will find a mattress and cushions. Lie there, whatever happens, and make no sign—until I clap my hands. Then stand up. Shan Greville's life depends upon you. This is *your* part of the bargain—'

"I heard a gong—somewhere a long way off.

"'To your place,' said Dr. Fu Manchu in that voice which seems to make every word sound like a command—'and remember, when I clap my hands . . .'

"What happened after that, Shan, you know."

On the following night, Rima returned to Cairo. I remember, as Sir Lionel and I sat in the lounge waiting for her to join us for dinner, that my mind was more nearly at ease than it had been for many days. When, presently, Rima appeared, although she looked perhaps rather more than nor-

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mally pale, she had nevertheless contrived to efface any signs of her recent ordeal.

"In the absence of Dr. Petrie," I said, "I prescribe a champagne cocktail."

The patient approved of the prescription.

"What about you, chief?"

"Whisky and soda," Sir Lionel growled, staring towards the entrance door.

"Ah! Here's Petrie!"

As he spoke, I saw the doctor come in from the terrace at a brisk pace. There was urgency in his manner, and when, sighting us, he hurried forward I realized that he was ill at ease.

His first thought, however, was for his patient; and, dropping into a chair beside Rima, he looked at her in that encompassing manner which comes to a man who for many years has practiced as a physician.

"Quite restored, I see," he said, and glanced critically at the cocktail. "Only one, Rima. Excitants are not desirable —yet."

Seeing me about to call a waiter:

"As I'm rather late, Greville," he went on, "let's go in to dinner; if possible find a quiet table, as there's something I have to tell you."

"Knew it!" said the chief loudly, watching the speaker. "Got something on your mind, Petrie. What is it?"

"You're right," Petrie admitted. "I don't quite know what to make of it."

"Nor do I," Sir Lionel replied, "unless you tell me what it is."

"A long message from Smith in Damascus. It was relayed over the telephone. That's what detained me. But don't let us talk about it now."

We stood up and walked along the corridor, which is a miniature jewel bazaar, to the dining-room. I had arranged for a quiet table at the farther end, and presently, when we were all seated and the chief, who was host, had given his orders:

"This message is disturbing, in a way," said Petrie. "There's a Dutch steamer of the Rotterdam Lloyd Line, the Indramatra, leaving Port Said tomorrow night for Southampton; and Smith insists that, baggage or no baggage, you must all leave on her!"

"What!" Sir Lionel cried—so loudly that many heads were turned in our direction. "He must be mad. I won't budge an inch—not one inch—until Ali Mahmoud arrives with the gear."

Dr. Petrie looked grave.

"I have the message here," he continued; "and when I have read it to you, possibly you may change your mind. . . . Dr. Fu Manchu has been in Damascus. He has disappeared. Smith has every reason to believe that he is on his way here—to Cairo. His mission, Barton, is to see *you!*"

THE Indramatra lay off the pontoon, opposite the custom house at Port Said; and it was a night sailing. Ali Mahmoud had arrived in the nick of time; I could see him now from where I stood, supervising the stowing of the heavy baggage.

That curious sustained murmur, a minor chord made up of human voices, audible whenever cargo is being worked in this odd portal of the East, came to my ears as I craned out watching the pontoon. I had left Rima, a stewardess and two coolies busily unpacking trunks; for Rima had something of her uncle's gift for making people work enthusiastically in her interests. Part of her personal baggage had been deposited in her cabin, and, having explored the first of her trunks:

"There isn't a thing that's fit to wear!" she had declared. . . .

I had considered it prudent to join the chief.

That experienced old traveler had secured a suite with bath, at the Cairo office. Admittedly, the ship was not full; but, nevertheless, someone else had been penciled-in for this accommodation ahead of him. The someone else (a Member of Parliament, he turned out to be) was reduced to an ordinary double cabin, and the purser was having a bad quarter of an hour.

Sir Lionel, armed with a whisky-and-soda, was sprawling on the little sofa in his sitting-room.

"Has Smith arrived?" he demanded.

"No. I'm just going up to make inquiries, chief. . . ."

And so, now, I found myself craning out and watching the pontoon. It would be nearly an hour before the Indramatra sailed, but I could not imagine, since Sir Denis had missed us in Cairo, how he hoped to reach Port Said before we left. Nevertheless, he had advised us to expect him.

I GLANCED down at Ali Mahmoud, patiently checking the items of our baggage destined for the hold, and experienced a pang of regret at parting from him. Then again I stared toward the shore. I saw the headlights of a car which was being driven rapidly along the water front. I saw it pull up just short of the customs house.

No other steamer was leaving that night, and although, admittedly, this might have been a belated passenger, something told me that it was Nayland Smith. I was right.

Above the clatter of machinery and minor drone of human voices, with the complementary note of water lapping at the ship's side, a clamor reached me from the shore. There was urgency in the sound. And as I watched I saw a police launch, which had been lying just off the pontoon, run in in response to a signal. A few moments later and the little craft was describing a flattened arc as she headed out rapidly for the Indramatra.

One glimpse I had in a momentary glare of the searchlight of a man seated in the stern and then I was hurrying down to the lower deck. I had no more than reached the head of the ladder when Nayland Smith came bounding up. As I greeted him:

"Quick!" he snapped and grasped my arm. "The purser's office—where is it? I don't know this ship."

"This way, Sir Denis."

Pushing past groups of passengers, mostly planters and officials from the Dutch East Indies, we went racing across to the purser's office. As I had expected, a number of people were waiting to interview that harassed official, but the curtain was drawn over his door and I could hear an excited voice within. Sir Denis never hesitated for a moment. He rapped loudly, jerked the curtain aside, and:

"Mr. Purser!" he said, "I regret that I don't know your name—my apologies. But it is vitally urgent that I should see you for a few moments."

THE purser, a Sumatra-born Dutchman, stout and normally good-humored, I judged, at the moment was not in an amiable mood. Mr. John Kennington, M. P., a fussy little man resembling Tweedledee in spectacles, was literally dancing about in his room.

"I say it's an outrage, sir," he was exclaiming, "an outrage. This fellow, Sir Lionel Barton, this titled mountebank, has almost literally thrown me out of the cabin which I reserved in Cairo. As a British Member of Parliament, I wish to state. . . ."

"I don't know your name, sir," said the purser, looking up wearily at Sir Denis—he spoke excellent English, for the Dutch are first-class linguists—"mine is Voorden: but you can see that I am very much engaged."

"Such a state of affairs," Mr. Kennington continued, extending his rotund person in the manner of a frog about to burst, "such a state of affairs would not be tolerated for a moment in the P. & O."

That, of course, was a slip, and put the purser on our side at once.

"The P. & O., sir," said Nayland Smith, "is an admirable line, to which I can give you a personal introduction insuring excellent accommodation."

Mr. Kennington paused, turned, and looked up at the grim face of the speaker; then:

"Possibly, sir, you may know that Members of Parliament, traveling officially, are afforded certain facilities—"

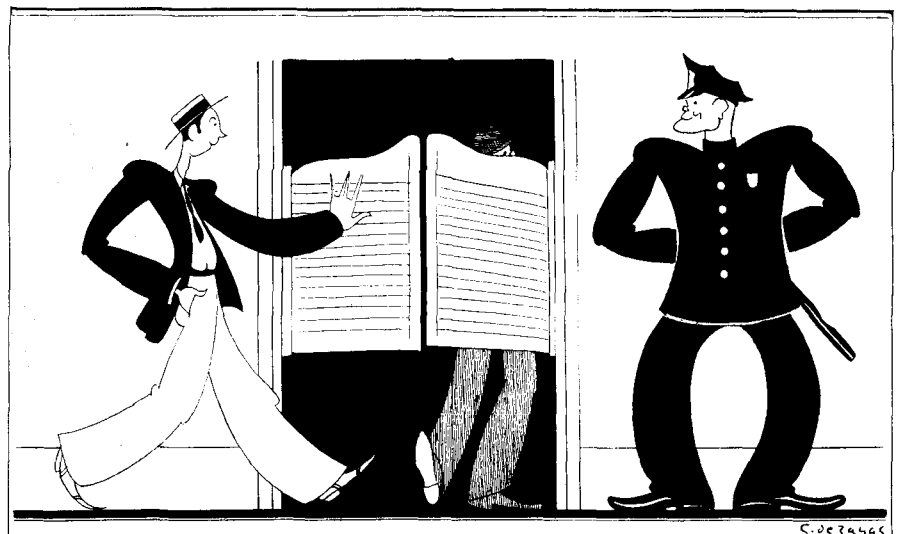
"I do know it, and I feel sure that your complaint is a just one. But since you are a Member of Parliament, you will naturally do everything in your power to assist me. A matter of national urgency demands that I should have two minutes' private conversation with Mr. Voorden."

Mr. Kennington blew himself up again.

"My dear sir," he replied, "I must take this opportunity of pointing out to you that I have certain rights here."

Sir Denis' temper, never of the best, was growing dangerously frayed.

(Continued on page 30)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

In New York City today there are saloons operating in practically the same way as they did 30 and 40 years ago—same location, same open door, bar, pictures, complete stocks and, in some cases, the same bartenders.

A patent does not always give the inventor the right to build and sell his device. Sometimes a patent is merely an improvement on a prior patent and its only immediate value is in stopping others from using the idea.—*By W. L. Scribner, Canton, Ohio.*

The numerous books on the life of Christ written in the past 1,900 years have been based principally on imagination. Not more than 50 days of His life were ever recorded.

Weather conditions and even earthquakes are forecast by the actions of certain animals, birds and insects as well if not better than by scientific instruments.

About 1,500 years ago in Byzantium, which is now Istanbul, Turkey, the girls who did not win prizes in the beauty contests were obliged to enter nunneries.

The recent assassination of President Doumer of France recalls the fact that more than 100 monarchs, presidents, princes and other high officials of state have been murdered in the past 75 years.—*By Louise Ponsolle, New York City.*

Between 1900 and 1930, the population of the United States increased 62 per cent, the total number of workers 68 per cent, the number of men workers 60 per cent and the number of women workers 103 per cent.

During the 16th century in England, the theaters met the popular demand for strange and unusual shows by putting on acts which consisted entirely of the antics of madmen who had been borrowed from near-by asylums.

Only 1 out of every 80 persons in Russia today belongs to the Communist party, as the membership regulations exclude religious leaders, old régime police, those who have ever employed labor and all others, such as lawyers, clerks, merchants and engineers, who work with their heads, not their hands. — *By Geert Blaauw, Kansas City, Missouri.*

The dressing of water wells, a form of primitive nature worship, still takes place in England every summer. Numerous wells are decorated —with frames of flowers and Biblical quotations—and religious ceremonies are performed before them.—*By Marcia Howay, Century, Florida.*

Denmark now numbers its eggs so they may be traced back to the farmer; Spain is broadcasting scenery over a television station to attract tourists; and Russia is again printing kings and queens—instead of Soviet heroes—on its playing cards in order to kill a large bootleg traffic in the old-fashioned decks.

The greatest calamity in history was the Black Death, the pestilence which swept over Asia, Europe and Northern Africa during the 14th century and carried off 67,000,000 victims. Some countries lost half of their population.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by positive proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York City

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Broth of a Boy

In his youth Matt McGrath trained by wrestling daily with the family bull. The bull eventually grew tired of this and left home. That was in Ireland before Matt sailed for New York to "get on the cops." He's still on the cops and has acquired international fame as the world's champion hammer thrower, a title he hopes to reclaim this summer at the Olympics

By John B. Kennedy

A MAN named John Hartigan walked to a bridge across the Harlem River in New York and dropped into the water. It was no time of the year to do such a thing, being the nineteenth of November, with snow falling and scattered lights only serving to make the darkness worse.

People who heard the splash made an outcry and a young policeman named Matt McGrath came up on the run. A shaggy man who lived in a hut under the bridge pointed to where the man was in the water. McGrath threw his helmet aside and tore off his long-tailed winter tunic. Without a word he stepped onto the parapet of the bridge and plunged from it. A diver could do that without hurt; but Matt McGrath was unpracticed in diving. His forehead hit the water first and that had him almost senseless.

The cold of the water revived him and he struck out and reached the drowning man. When he caught hold of the man the man fought him there in the water. McGrath figured to himself that the man had no desire to be rescued; but when you've dropped head-first into icy water, no man is going to let that go for nothing. He dragged the man against his will to the spot where people shouted from the bank, and suddenly his feet sank into mud. He and the man went down, over their heads in the squishy mud. It was a wonder they weren't suffocated, and they would have been if the shaggy man on the bank hadn't gone out in an old boat and revived McGrath with a tap on the head from an oar.

McGrath's First Medal

McGrath pulled the man into the boat with him, and then he fainted with the perishing cold. The next thing he knew, he and the man were riding in an ambulance to the Harlem Hospital. There was a dim light and a young man in a white coat.

"You've saved this feller's life as much by forcing the water from his lungs as by dragging him from the river," the young man told McGrath.

Matt looked at the fellow, lying on the floor of the ambulance with the young man feeding him brandy.

"There's some mistake," said Matt. "He's a colored man."

"A colored man," said the half-corpse, sitting up. "What are you yourself but a naygur?"

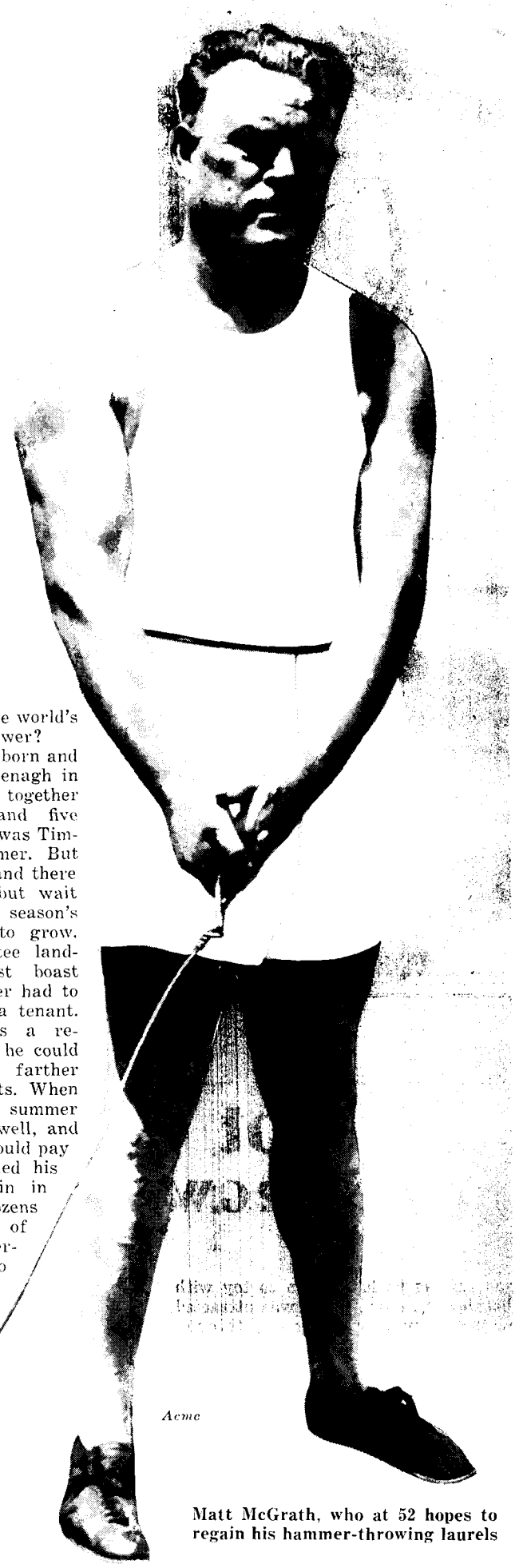
Then Matt felt his face and his hand came away black with mud.

Now that is how Patrolman Matt McGrath won the Congressional Medal of Honor for bravery beyond the point of duty and the saving of human life. Other medals were given to him besides. One came from the Carnegie Foundation and another from the Save a Life League. But it's the Congressional badge he wants to wear in his coffin, because the award of it gave him the national fame that brought the opportunity for him to achieve his life's ambition—which was to become the world's greatest hammer thrower.

How does a man set about becoming the world's greatest hammer thrower?

Matt McGrath was born and raised as a boy at Nenagh in County Tipperary, together with five sisters and five brothers. His father was Timothy McGrath, a farmer. But the lands were poor and there was nothing to do but wait from season's end to season's end for the crops to grow. They had an absentee landlord whose proudest boast was that he had never had to catch a bullet from a tenant.

This landlord was a respected man because he could throw the weights farther than any of his tenants. When he came there in the summer to see that all was well, and that only those who could pay him his rents occupied his farms, he would join in the village games. Dozens of six-foot fellows of that corner of Tipperary would come to watch him throw big blacksmith hammers, and a special, fancy weight in the shape of a ball. This was four stone exactly, which is fifty-six pounds. The landlord, a beef-eating Englishman named Caldwell, would take a strong wire handle that ended in a brass triangle. He would swing this around his head and throw it from him. He could throw it more than thirty-five feet. And another weight of sixteen pounds, also shaped like a ball, he could throw one hundred and fifty feet.



Acme

Matt McGrath, who at 52 hopes to regain his hammer-throwing laurels

Matt McGrath looked at him, marveling, and made up his mind that some day he would earn the admiration of the boys and girls of the village by beating the landlord. But Matt had no hammers to practice with, and his father kept him at work so hard and so long that there was little time for any diversion.

But in his mind was the resolve to be a great hammer thrower. Matt weighed then, at seventeen years, a hundred and sixty-odd pounds, and was six feet in height. Although he had little learning besides an ability to read and to write his own name, he reasoned for himself that to be a great hammer thrower he must train his body. So at night he sneaked out of the farmhouse and went into the meadow where the bull slept under a shed. On moonlit nights he did this, waking up the bull and teasing it to wrestle with him. This he did for months, until the bull tired of having its sleep disturbed, and one night in a fog it galloped away, and nobody ever saw it again.

New Worlds to Conquer

After the bull vanished, Matt had no exercise until he persuaded the village blacksmith to lend him his heavy hammers, which Matt took behind the smithy and threw to his heart's content. One day a man in a smart soldier's uniform came by as Matt was swinging a hammer. He stood a long way off to watch Matt, but the hammer went whistling over his head and frightened him.

"Me boy," he said, "come with me to the barracks at Ardagh. You'll make a grand soldier."

"I'm going to be no soldier," said Matt, who had heard of the trouble the British had with the Boers and wanted to share in none of it unless it was on the side of the Boers.

"I mean," said the man, "come to the barracks and have your sport. There's hammers for you to throw."

Matt walked with him to the barracks, where there was a parade ground, and a big, close-cropped field for the soldiers to play cricket and football and hold running races. Every Saturday after that Matt went to Ardagh and threw hammers, so that the soldiers began to talk about his prowess to the tradesmen, and the tradesmen to all others, for Matt had beaten the English soldier who was considered best at throwing hammers—beaten him by a clear ten feet with the small hammer, and by six feet with the big one.

In the meantime Matt had heard relatives of boys who had gone to America tell of the wonders over there. Some of them had become policemen, and others were firemen or mail carriers, while some had risen to big jobs as powerful men in politics. Matt decided he would go to America.

One day, after Matt had saved twenty pounds by doing odd jobs around the barracks, he told his mother that his mind was made up and he'd go to New York. There was an uproar in the family; but it ended with his father giving him his only carpet bag and his stoutest pair of boots.

He landed in America with sixpence in his pocket. Then he was nineteen years of age, six feet two inches tall and he weighed one hundred and ninety pounds. The very afternoon he landed he made for a hay and feed store, figuring a blacksmith's would be near by and that he might get a job in the store and practice with the hammers in the blacksmith's. He guessed right. They gave him a job collecting bills for the store, and the smith let him work flattening out shoes on his anvils, because there was no room to throw hammers in crowded New York without the risk of tossing them into people's windows.

Work in the smithy kept Matt in trim, and he went to a night school, thus improving physique and mind. For three or four years he did this, saving his money and learning what he could of books, having his mind made up to get on the cops when he could pass the examination, and to have enough money to buy a uniform and a revolver. The blacksmith shop gave him fine exercise for his muscles—but not the kind he wanted to become a great thrower. So he hunted around the city to buy a second-hand, regulation throwing hammer.

Matt finally located one for sale and

(Continued on page 38)

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In Mr. Carlisle's immediate rear there spoke an austere, maidenly voice. "Hey," said the voice

Illustrated by Floyd M. Davis

Hot Water

By P. G. Wodehouse

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE sojourning in London with his daughter Jane, very "dry" U. S. Senator Opal writes a letter to his bootlegger. Mrs. J. Wellington Gedge receives it, in error. Mrs. Gedge is plotting to make her husband Ambassador to France! The senator is in a bad spot. . . . Enter Packy Franklyn—young, American, rich. Packy learns of the situation. He learns, furthermore, that Jane is secretly engaged to one Blair Eggleston, literary genius, serving incog as the senator's valet. Packy, too, is engaged—to the beauteous Lady Beatrice Bracken. But . . .

When the Opals go to France to visit the Gedges, Packy trails along in a yacht. Whereupon the excitement begins. At a carnival Packy meets his old friend, "Veek," the Vicomte de Blissac—soon to be the guest of the Gedges—and makes a new friend of one "Soup" Slattery—expert safe-blower—who is after Mrs. Gedge's jewels. Packy impersonates the vicomte and goes to the Gedges' château. Senator Opal jumps to conclusions. He thinks Packy and Jane are engaged. Eggleston is jealous, but Jane makes him shower attentions on Medway, the maid, because the senator thinks she is a detective.

Then "Oily" Carlisle—pal of "Soup" Slattery—arrives at the château as the Duc de Pont-Andemer. Neither he nor Packy is aware of the other's true identity and both are panicky. "Oily" hurries out to find "Soup," and tells him that there is a guy at the château posing as the Vicomte de Blissac who is also after the Gedge "ice"—he must be removed from the scene. "Soup" promises to do his best.

VII

MR. CARLISLE had started to walk to the château at a brisk pace and, as the afternoon sun was now beating down with considerable force, it was not long before he became conscious of feeling extremely warm. As he passed up the drive, he was thinking how remarkably pleasant a cold bath would be. And it was just as he had begun to toy with this thought that his eye was attracted by the silver gleam of water through the trees to his left.

It drew him like a magnet. He left the drive and took a cross-country route in its direction. And presently he found himself on the edge of what was known locally as the lake, but which was in reality a sort of salt-water lagoon connected with the harbor of St. Rocque by a narrow channel.

It looked extraordinarily inviting. He glanced modestly to right and left. Thick bushes screened this portion of the lake, almost meeting across the path down which he had come. There appeared to be no eye that could observe him. With a sigh of satisfaction he removed his coat and tie, and he was just about to slide out of his trousers when there spoke in his immediate rear an austere, maidenly voice.

"Hey!" said the voice. It seemed to rip through Mr. Carlisle like a bullet.

Medway, the maid, on leaving Senator Opal, had taken her book down to the lake. It was a favorite haunt of hers. But barely had she had time to read the opening murder of Chapter Eleven when the sound of footsteps told her that her sanctuary had been invaded. Legs passed her and halted on the brink of the water.

Parting the bushes, she peered out. And it was the sight she saw that drew from her the shocked exclamation just recorded.

"Hey!" she cried, and it might have been Mrs. Grundy herself speaking. "What do you think this place is? A bathhouse?"

MR. CARLISLE was still tottering where he stood. He looked like a gentlemanly poplar swaying in the breeze. He gasped painfully, and with good reason.

Any feminine voice speaking at such a moment would have startled Mr. Carlisle. What rendered this one so peculiarly disintegrating was the fact that he recognized it. Indeed, one might say that it had been ringing in his ears ever since the day, twelve months ago, when it had called him a two-timing piece of cheese—a remark which had been followed almost immediately by the descent on his frontal orbital bone of a large china vase.

It was the voice of his lost Gertie.

The next moment, she had come out of the bushes and was facing him.

"Gertie!" cried Mr. Carlisle.

We who have been privileged to peep into Gordon Carlisle's soul can understand his emotion. Although at their parting this girl had crowned him with a vase, and rather a good vase, too, all the old love still remained. The first shock of astonishment over, it was ecstasy that predominated in the bosom which he was now hastily covering with his coat. His trousers, it need scarcely be said, for the code of the Carlisles was rigid, he had hitched up at the first intimation that he was not alone.

"Gertie! At last! After all these long, weary months!"

The girl was looking cold and hard and proud. Ancient grievances still rankled in her bosom, for women do not lightly forget.

"Well, Mr. Carlisle," she said.

It was plain that such icy aloofness wounded her companion.

"Gertie," he said, and there was a quiver in his voice, "aren't you going to let bygones be bygones?"

"No, I'm not."

Mr. Carlisle gulped. He sought for words that would soften this obduracy.

"You don't know how I've missed you, Gertie."

Medway laughed scornfully.

"And I suppose you came to this château as the Duke de Something because you heard I was here? I know all about you. I was there when Miss Putnam was talking to the butler. She was saying put you in the yellow room. Personally," said Medway, with queenly disdain, "I'd put you in the ash can."

(Continued on page 28)

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. . . AS MOUTH-COOLING,
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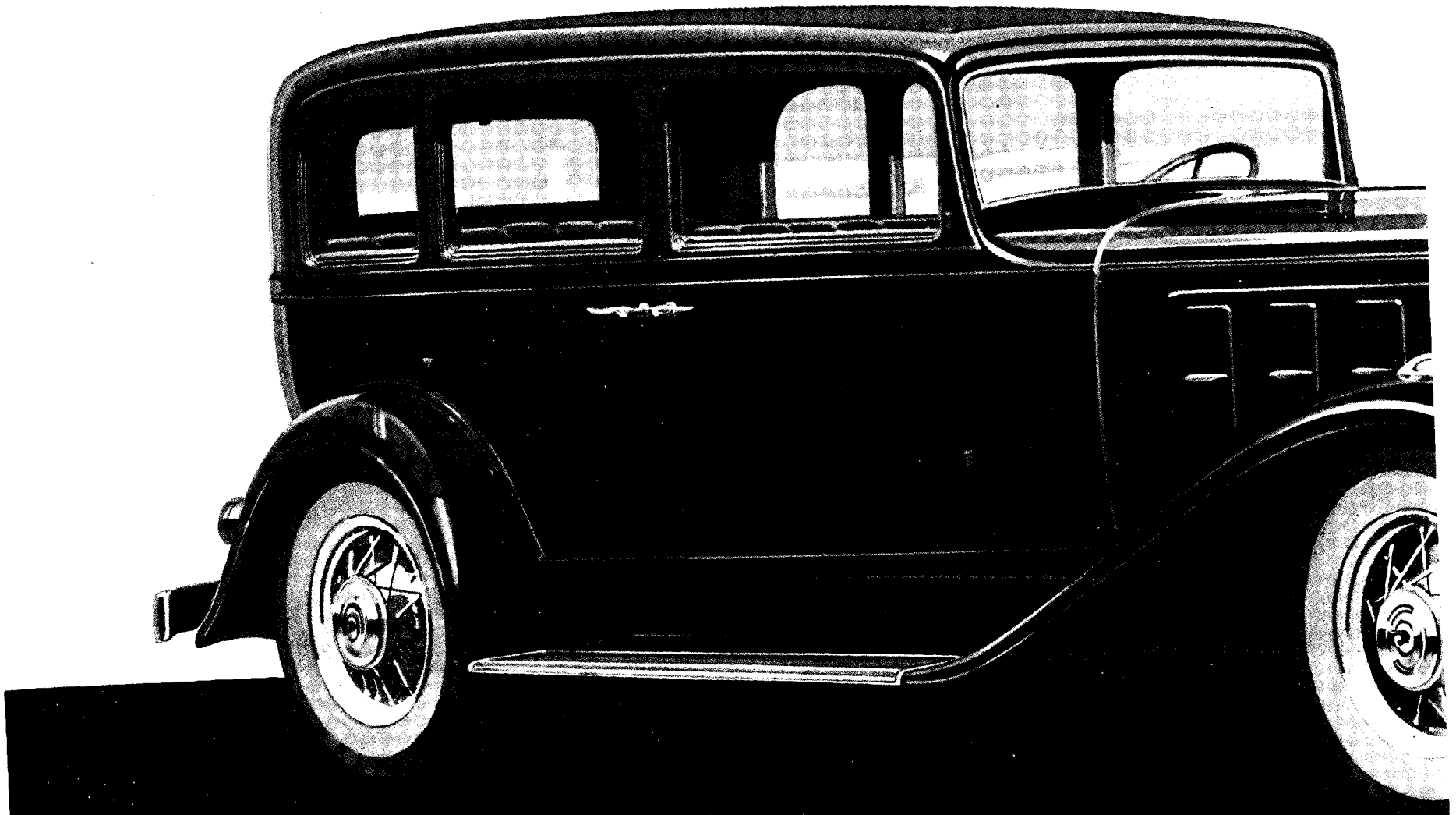
Pontiac is a bi



NEW PONTI

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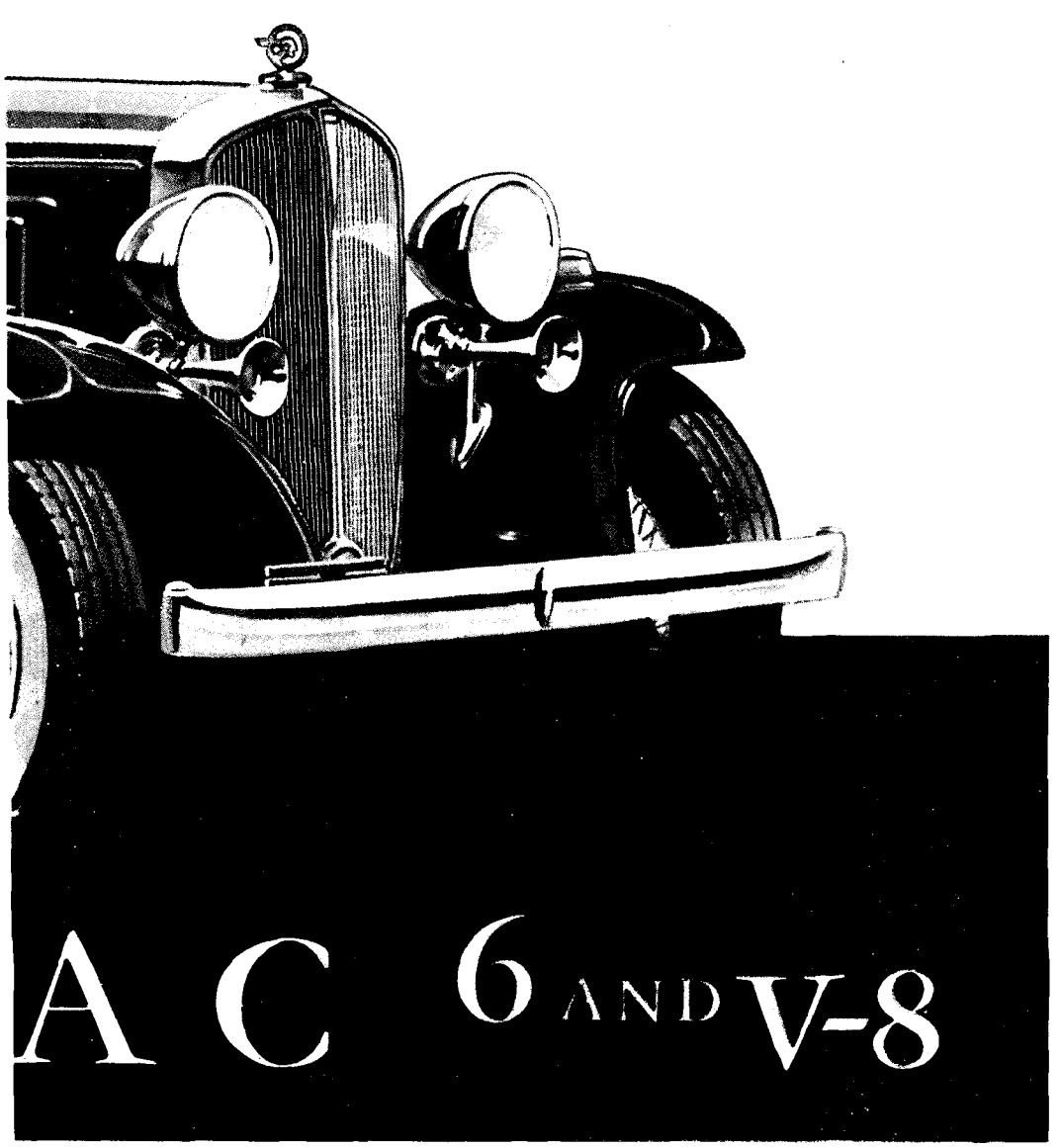
...car . . .



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Bodies are roomy
...You're comfortable

Imagine yourself, these sunny summer days, behind the wheel of a Pontiac, swinging smoothly along through pleasant countryside—relaxed, confident, thoroughly at ease—and perhaps more than a little proud of the car you're driving.

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With improved Syncro-Mesh, getaway is swift, silent and almost effortless. Then, Ride Control, Free Wheeling and live-rubber cushioning at 47 chassis points add the final essentials to Pontiac's big-car comfort, and give you that steady, comfortable performance which, until now, cost hundreds of dollars more.

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CHIEF OF VALUES

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

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"No," admitted Mr. Carlisle, "I did not come to the château because I heard you were here. I'm on a job. And I'll bet it's the same job you're on. You've hired yourself out as a maid to get a chance of grabbing Mrs. Gedge's ice."

"Well, have you any objection?"

"Certainly, I've an objection. Just pushing your head into trouble, that's what you're doing. You haven't a chance, working alone."

Medway bit her lip reflectively. She had started on this enterprise with a gay optimism, feeling that surely the time must come when Mrs. Gedge would forget just once to lock up her trinkets. She had learned now that she was in the employment of a woman who never forgot a thing like that, and hope had begun to die.

"WHAT'S the idea?" she said. "Do you want to team up with me?"

"Well, why not?"

"I don't know why not I've nothing against a fifty-fifty strictly business proposition. But what good would you be? This thing isn't in your line. You can't bust a safe."

"I can too bust a safe. Soup doesn't know it, and I didn't tell him, but if it's the ordinary sort of safe these women have, I can do it easy."

"Who's Soup?"

"You remember Soup Slattery. We're in this thing together. The idea is that I let him into the house and he does the blowing. But that's all wet. Now I've found you, we'll double-cross him and keep the stuff for ourselves."

Medway was impressed.

"Where did you ever learn to bust safes?"

"Plug Donahue taught me. It was just after you went away. He saw I was all shot to pieces and needed something to take me out of myself. . . ."

"Never mind all that apple-gravy. Talk business. If you want us to work together on this job—fifty-fifty—I'm willing. I've seen for quite a while it was too big for me."

Mr. Carlisle breathed emotionally.

"If you knew what it meant to me, Gertie, to feel that you and I are once more . . ."

"Say, listen," said Medway, breaking in on what promised to be a speech of no small audience-appeal, "here's something that's on my mind: Could a sap that says he's Senator Opal not really be Senator Opal?"

"Nobody would say he was Senator Opal unless he knew it could be proved against him," said Mr. Carlisle, who was not a supporter of the great lawmaker's views on the suppression of the Demon Rum. "Why, is that old pest here?"

"Him or somebody that claims to be him. And I found him just now snooping around in Mrs. Gedge's room, where the safe is. And when I put it up to him, he had some story about being interested in antiques."

Mr. Carlisle reflected.

"I guess that's all there was to it," he said, at length. "Anyway, he can't be a ringer. These Gedges know Senator Opal. Mrs. Gedge told me so. Nobody could slide in here made up for old Opal and get away with it. He was probably just rubbering around. But I'll tell you who is a ringer, and that's the fellow who says he's the Vicomte de Blissac."

"What!"

"You down below—have you seen my burglar?"

"YOU see," said Mr. Carlisle, tenderly pointing the moral. "You didn't know that, did you? How long has he been here?"

"He blew in this afternoon. I saw the butler showing him into the drawing-room, and he told me who he was."

"Well, he isn't."

"How do you know?"

"I've met the real one. I took a couple thousand dollars off him once. You could have had half of that, Gertie, if you hadn't of run off the way you did."

"Never mind that. So that bird's a ringer, is he? And I suppose he's after the ice, same as we are."

"Of course he is."

"Well, what do we do about it? We can't have him messing around. We've got to push him out."

"And how would you set about it?" Medway frowned.

"I'm darned if I know."

"Exactly," said Mr. Carlisle, once more pointing the moral. "Maybe you begin to see now how much you need me."

"What can you do?"

"What can I do?" Mr. Carlisle's manner was airy. "Why, simply go to his room tonight and hammer the stuffing out of him. If he's here tomorrow, it'll be on crutches."

The little gasp which his companion gave at these brave words was the sweetest sound that Gordon Carlisle had heard in many a day. For it was the gasp of reluctant admiration. Her cold reserve seemed to have melted.

"You couldn't do that?"

"You see if I can't do it."

"But the guy's as big as a house."

"Tchah," said Mr. Carlisle carelessly. "For your sake, Gertie, I'd beat up a dozen like him."

Medway drew a deep breath.

"Well," she said, "if you put that through, maybe I might overlook all what happened a year ago. I'm not saying I will, mind you, but I don't say I won't. You do it, and then we'll chat things over and see where we stand."

"'Atta girl!" said Mr. Carlisle devoutly.

No qualms disturbed him. He knew that he could rely on Soup Slattery.

NIGHT, sable goddess, from her ebon throne in rayless majesty stretched forth her leaden scepter o'er a slumbering world. Down at the Casino Municipale brisk business was still being done, but up at the Château Blissac all was dark and silent. The hour was nearly one, and the Château Blissac had put the cat out and tucked itself in at about eleven-thirty. In all its broad grounds there was not a sound to be heard.

If there had been, it would not have been Soup Slattery who made it. Despite his impressive bulk, there were few men who could move with a softer tread when the occasion demanded it. He had found Mr. Carlisle's rough chart of the house and was now consulting it with the aid of a flashlight outside the window which the other had left open for him.

The chart was clear. He switched off the light and climbed silently in.

To those who, like the Vicomte de Blissac and Gustave, the cocktail blender at the Hôtel des Étrangers, had seen Soup Slattery only in his moments of conviviality, it would have been a revelation to behold the stern purposefulness of his face as he mounted the stairs. He was about to confront a trade rival, and toward trade rivals his attitude had ever been one of dourness and austerity. He did not like them, and he let them see that he did not like them. This particular one he intended to cause to jump out of the window in his slumber-wear and not stop running till he reached Paris.

The door of Packy's room was locked, but locked doors meant nothing to Mr. Slattery. A few seconds' expert manipulation of a small steel implement and the obstacle gave way.

The noise of this operation, though slight, woke Packy. He was not aware, however, that a visitor had arrived until there came the click of the electric switch and light flooded the room.

Even then, he did not immediately

(Continued on page 44)

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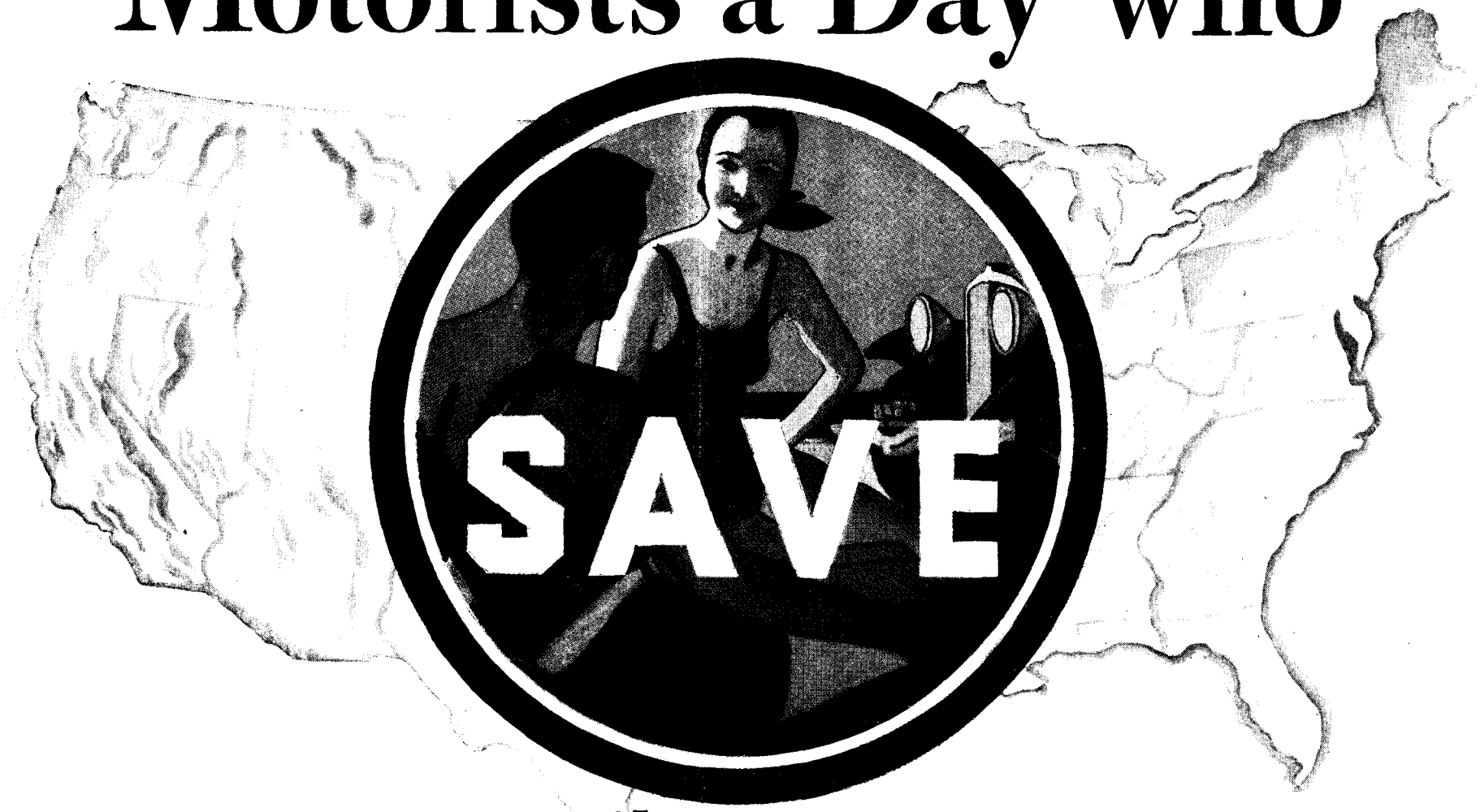

on gas • • on oil • • repairs • • car life

ON *your* vacation trip, start off right. Drain and refill with new Mobiloil—and save!

New Mobiloil was made for 1932—the thrift year. Since July, 1931, the engineering resources of the Socony-Vacuum Corporation have been concentrated on its development. Today—its economy—proved in millions of cars—has made Mobiloil the world's largest selling oil! Over 350,000 motorists a day buy Mobiloil!

HOW YOU SAVE . . . 1. You save gas—because with Mobiloil's sure protection your engine stays tight. You get better compression—more power!

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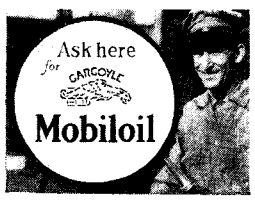
We invite you to listen to the Mobiloil Concert, broadcast coast to coast each Wednesday evening from WEAF and 53 associated N. B. C. stations at 9:30, E. D. S. T.



New **Mobiloil**

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

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The Mask of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 22

"Mr. Voorden," he said quietly, "I don't know this gentleman's name, but have I your permission to place him in the alleyway until our very urgent business is concluded?"

The purser's broad face broke into a smile. It was a suggestion after his own heart; and:

"May I ask you, Mr. Kennington," he said, addressing the outraged M. P., whose features were now assuming a rather florid hue, "to allow me two minutes with this gentleman? His business, I think, is important."

"Important!" the other exploded—"Important! By heavens, sir, Rotterdam shall hear of you—Rotterdam shall hear of you!"

He expelled himself from the cabin.

"Here is my card, Mr. Voorden," said Sir Denis, laying a card upon the purser's table; "but in order to save your time and my own, I called upon the Dutch Consul on my way to the docks. He was unable to accompany me but he sends this note."

He laid upon the table a sheet of paper bearing the letterhead of the Dutch Consulate at Port Said. The purser put on a pair of horn-rimmed glasses and read the note. Mr. Kennington, not far away, might be heard demanding an interview with the captain.

"Sir Denis Nayland Smith," said the purser, standing up, "I am at your service. What can I do for you?"

"Thank you," said Sir Denis, and shook his hand. "Your passenger list, if you please. I want the name of everyone joining the ship at this port."

"Certainly! that is very simple. You will also wish to know, of course, what accommodation they have reserved?"

"Exactly."

A MOMENT later Nayland Smith was bending over a plan of the ship, in close consultation with the purser. I moved to the curtain, drew it aside and stepped into the alleyway. Mr. Kennington had discovered the second steward and was insisting that that official should conduct him to the captain. I had it in mind to endeavor to pacify the infuriated little man, when the matter was taken out of my hands.

"Sir Lionel Barton is the person's name," shouted Mr. Kennington—"who the devil, may I ask, is Sir Lionel Barton?"

Unfortunately for Mr. Kennington, at that moment Sir Lionel appeared on the scene.

"Does anybody want me?" he inquired in his deep, gruff voice.

Mr. Kennington turned and looked up into that sun-baked, truculent mask. He tried bravely to sustain the glare of deep-set eyes beneath tufted brows. But when he spoke, it was with a notable lack of confidence:

"Are you Sir Lionel Barton?"

"I am. Did you want me?"

The second steward escaped, leaving Mr. Kennington to fight his battle alone.

"There seems to be some misunderstanding about our cabins," he said in a tone of gentle melancholy. . . .

THERE was some pretty straight talking in the chief's room five minutes later. Rima was not present.

"I have the outline of the thing complete, Barton," said Nayland Smith, puffing furiously at his pipe. "And—please, don't interrupt. Just listen. My time is brief. The man Amîr Khân blundered onto the location of Mokanna's tomb in some way, and up to the time of his disappearance was undoubtedly acting on his own. I take it you paid him well for his information."

"I did."

Sir Denis nodded.

"He did not belong to that obscure sect, an offshoot of true Mohammedanism, which still holds the tradition of the New Korân. But he knew more than they do, because he knew where the Prophet was buried. He was a *thug;* you always knew this. And he deserted because he was recalled by his immediate chief. The laws of *thuggee* (which I don't profess to understand) are very binding upon devotees. His chief learned what had happened; and his chief—"

"WAS one of the Fu Manchu group!" Sir Lionel interrupted. "And so . . ."

"And so the news reached the Doctor. Where he was at the time, we shall probably never know—but he acted swiftly. The possibilities were tremendous. Islâm is at least as divided as Christianity. A religious revival is long overdue. The man and the occasion alone were wanting. Here was the occasion. Dr. Fu Manchu found the man."

"Whom did he find?"

"I don't know. Listen, and I will tell you all I know. In every religion there are secret sects. I have maintained for many years, in the face of much opposition from learned sources—and from you—that the organization known as the Si-Fan embodies the greater part of these dissentients—"

"Rot!"

"Such a movement, reinforced by the backing of the Si-Fan, would almost certainly have tipped the scale. This was what Dr. Fu Manchu saw. The arising of the Prophet was staged for him when you blew up that lonely tomb in Khorassân. This he acted upon, with the results which we know. Interested parties in the Moslem world were only too ready to receive the new Prophet. His material qualities they were prepared to overlook. But it happens—and a memory of Greville's gave me the clue to the truth—that a certain fanatical sect, having representatives at Damascus and also at Mecca, possess or claim to possess copies of the New Korân."

"That's true," said the chief, shifting his feet uneasily, for he was sprawling upon the settee. "I've seen 'em. I knew what I was up against, Smith."

Nayland Smith looked at Sir Lionel with a sort of reluctant admiration.

"You're a remarkable man, Barton," he admitted. "If a modicum of discretion had been added to your outfit, much of this trouble might have been avoided."

"What trouble?" the chief shouted. He kicked at the wooden chest. "Where's the trouble? I've tricked every stupid dolt amongst them. And, by heaven, I've tricked Dr. Fu Manchu himself! You all wondered why I hung on so long in Ispahân—"

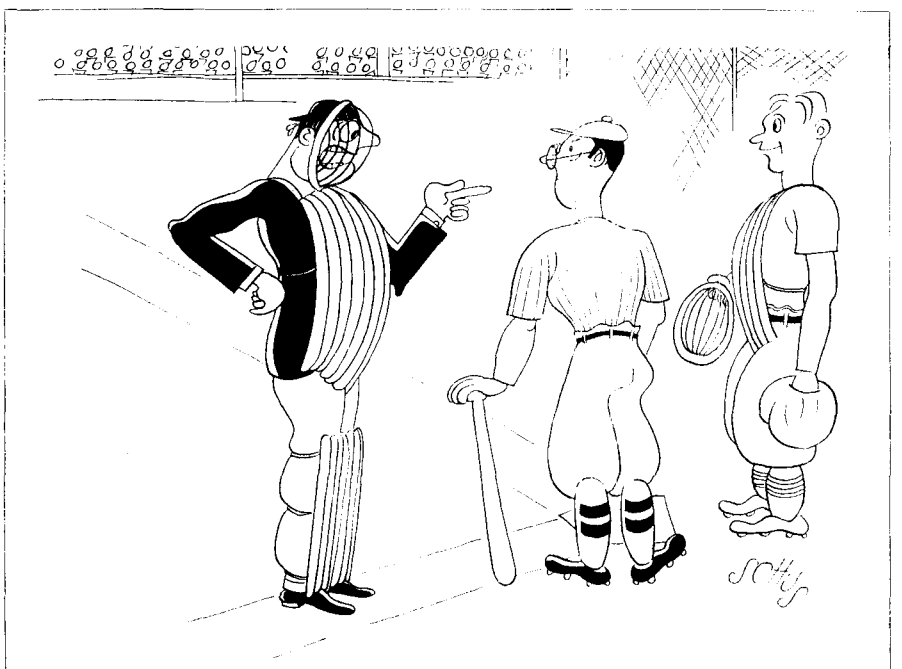
He began to laugh loudly; but:

"I know *now*," said Nayland Smith.

And he spoke the words so coldly that the chief's laughter was checked.

"I thought," he went on, "that you were bluffing in Cairo. I know your schoolboy sense of humor. It was a dramatic surprise to me, although I may not have shown it, when your old suitcase was opened before Mr. Aden, and I saw the sword, the mask and the gold plates."

He jumped out of his chair and began to move from foot to foot since there was no room for him to promenade.



"Take off your glasses and we'll settle this right now!"

Adolph Schus

"I carried out my contract with Dr. Fu Manchu—Rima's life being the price at stake—in what I believed to be all honesty. Don't speak, Barton—let me finish. Dr. Fu Manchu is the most ghastly menace to our present civilization which has appeared since Attila the Hun. He is an old man, but by some miracle which I can only ascribe to his gigantic will power, he is as forceful today as he was in the first hour that I ever set eyes upon him in a forest of Burma. That's agreed. He has one virtue. According to his admittedly peculiar code—he is a man of honor."

"Stop!"

SIR LIONEL was up now, his strong hands clenched, his eyes glaring upon the speaker.

"Stop, Smith! I won't take it from you or from any man. I may have broken every other commandment, but I never lied."

"Have I accused you of lying?"

Sir Denis' voice was very cool.

"Practically, yes."

"You remained in Ispahân until Solomon Ishak, perhaps the finest craftsman in the East, had duplicated the relics of the Prophet. Oh, it was clever work, Barton. But. . . ."

"Well," growled the chief, still glaring at him. "But what . . .? Didn't the man Aden or Samarkan or whatever his name is—pass the stuff that we showed him in Shepheard's? Did I or did you undertake to deliver up anything else? We had Rima back, and we handed over the duplicates. Ali Mahmoud had the relics. He brought them from old Solomon Ishak back to Cairo, and from Cairo on board here. And there they are!"

He dropped back onto the settee, his mouth working evilly, for he was in a murderous humor.

I think I have never felt more unhappy in my life. The facts now revealed to me were astounding; the ethics of the thing beyond me. But it was ghastly that these two old friends—men of first-rate genius in their separate spheres—should thus be almost at each other's throats.

Loyalty to the chief forbade my siding with Sir Denis, yet in my heart I knew that the latter was right. The price had been Rima's life; and Sir Lionel had played a faked card.

It didn't surprise me; and since he had succeeded I had it in my heart to forgive him, but:

"You know, chief," I said, "I can see what Sir Denis means. So don't boil over. *We* were in the wrong."

I hadn't meant it; I am not clever enough to have thought of it; but that use of "we" rather did the trick. Sir Lionel relaxed and looked at me in an almost kindly way.

"You think so, Greville?" he growled.

"Well, it was the devil of a risk, and Dr. Fu Manchu—"

"Dr. Fu Manchu," Nayland Smith snapped, "discovered the substitution in Damascus, on the very day, I believe, that I arrived there. By means of that secret knowledge held by certain Imâms of the Great Mosque he anticipated that the forgery would be detected, I don't know—"

HE PAUSED—his pipe had gone out, and he struck a match; then:

"*Someone* spoke from the pulpit that evening. The huge mosque was packed to the doors. I have never seen such mass fanaticism in my life."

"Were you there?" asked the chief, with sudden boyish enthusiasm.

"I was."

"Good old Smith!"

And in those words I recognized the fact that the storm had blown over.

"The speaker wore a green turban, a green robe and a gold mask."

"It was Fu Manchu!"

"I am still inclined to doubt it. I don't think I could mistake him. If it were he, then he has thrown off the burden of thirty years. He held his audience in the palm of his hand, as I know Fu Manchu can do. But the virility of his voice . . ."

And as he spoke, a sort of half-memory stirred in my brain. It passed—leaving a blank.

"There were doubters there. And that very night, as I believe, the substitution was discovered. The new Mahdi opened brilliantly, Barton, but he met with a definite check in Damascus. What actually happened, I naturally don't profess to know. But—" he pointed to a wooden chest on the floor of the cabin—"are they there?"

"They are!" said the chief triumphantly.

"The rumor is already spreading—you know how news travels in these parts—that Mokanna is an impostor. I need not add that our Intelligence Department is zealously fostering this. Only one thing could save the situation." He pointed again to the chest. "I don't know where Dr. Fu Manchu is, but from my knowledge of his methods I should predict that he is not far from Port Said at the present moment."

(To be continued next week)

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"READ THAT . . . if you want the truth!"

Ed hadn't meant to say it. After all, Jim was his room-mate and best friend. But in the heat of anger, it slipped out. The trouble started over a laundry bill, Jim claiming he had paid more than his share. One remark led to another, and finally Jim accused Ed of lack of loyalty—said that when there was a chance of a "double date" with two attractive girls Ed always asked another fellow instead of him. That was the last straw for Ed.

"Lack of loyalty?" Ed sneered. "Why, you big sap!" Then seizing a magazine, he flipped it open to an advertisement. "Read that, if you want the truth."

And Jim read it.

To this day, he thanks Ed.

Maybe it would be a good thing for people in general, and certain people in particular, if friends told them the truth once in a while.

FEW ESCAPE IT!
Men and women who are not popular and who seem to get nowhere in business, seldom are able to put their finger on the real cause of their trouble.
More often than not, particularly in the case of men, halitosis (unpleasant breath) is to blame. It is the unforgivable fault.
The insidious thing about halitosis is that you yourself never know when you have it, and the matter is so delicate that even your best friend won't discuss it with you.
The one way to make sure that you do not offend this way is to gargle with Listerine every morning and night—and if you wish to be doubly sure, between times before meeting others.
Listerine is the surest and swiftest deodorant. It immediately overcomes breath odors that ordinary antiseptics cannot hide in four days. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.
CHECKS HALITOSIS AND BODY ODORS

Send for our FREE book of Etiquette—tells what to wear, say, and do at social affairs. *Address, Dept. CW7, Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

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2 Coatings
work together to give you clear, crisp snapshots

A First coating prevents this washed-out, weak effect, by correcting *over*exposure. **B** Second coating prevents this blackish, sooty effect, by correcting *under*exposure.

The two coatings combined, one slow and one fast, assure proper exposure throughout the picture and give you this clear, crisp snapshot, rich in detail.

One FAST, for shade—one SLOW, for sun

FOR the glaring sun of beach, lake or open country, Kodak Verichrome Film has a coating especially adapted to intense light. For the shade of porch, trees, or garden, it has *another* coating, quick to register shadow detail.

These two coatings work together. In sun or in shadow, early or late in the day, and even in the rain, Verichrome catches the whole picture.

Clear, Crisp Snapshots

First coating is a slow emulsion, to hold light parts of the subject . . . even when *over*exposed. Then a fast emulsion, to catch darker parts . . . even when *under*exposed. Together, these two coatings give clear snapshots, full of detail throughout.

And Verichrome tolerates errors. You can get good pictures even when you don't set your camera just right.

Verichrome advantages are so real, so practical, that the cheaper your camera, the slower its lens, the more valuable are Verichrome's safeguards.

You See the Difference

Examine a Verichrome negative. You'll see at a glance it's different. Translucent, instead of transparent.

You look *at* it, not *through* it, because the method of double coating is a patented Eastman process. No other film is "the same as" Verichrome.

Ask your dealer for Verichrome. He has it in rolls and in packs. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

HOW VERICHROME DIFFERS FROM OTHER FILMS

1 Double coated. Two layers of sensitive silver.

2 Highly color sensitive. Especially to yellows and greens, the colors which predominate in nature.

3 Halation "fuzz" prevented by a light-absorbing colored backing on the film.

4 Finer detail in highlights, portions representing light parts of the subject.

5 Finer detail in shadows, portions representing dark parts.

6 Translucent, instead of transparent, so the superiorities listed above can be seen by a glance at the negative.

KODAK VERICHROME FILM

Wedding Day

Continued from page 8

hung over the lake. Georgie always had loved it. She heard Paul come up behind her and flop himself heavily upon the ground.

"Holy smoke!" he said.

She smiled down at him. She loved this place so much! Instinctively she waited for his expression of delight, for Peacock Point—pines, pine needles, stark bluff and blue lake beneath—Peacock Point was one of Georgie's heavens upon earth.

Paul said presently: "Haven't we walked our seven miles yet?"

"No, about a mile and a half."

"These blasted pine needles," he said, "are slippery. My feet skid on 'em."

Georgie stared at him. "Paul, did you have a lot of beer?"

"Not so much. I don't know. It depends upon what you call a lot."

Said Georgie: "I sort of wish you hadn't got it. I hate wedding parties where people get lit up."

"Well, don't you worry," Paul reassured her. "We'll all be as good as church mice. Just let me out of this Boy Scout marathon and I'll promise anything."

"Don't be silly," laughed Georgie.

They went back.

ONE of Georgie's sisters and her husband were just climbing into the family flivver. They were going to the railway station to meet Georgie's father, who was coming up on the late afternoon train from the city. Immediately Georgie decided that the two of them must climb out again. "Let me meet Dad," she pleaded.

"But Georgie, we all can go."

"No, I want to meet him alone."

They let her go, and Georgie's mother said to Georgie's sister weakly: "I've never seen her so nervous," and Georgie's sister laughed and said, "You mean you've never seen her getting married before."

Georgie's father, after he had stepped off the train and wedged himself into the flivver beside her, looked at her narrowly. Then he patted her hand. "Everything okay?" he asked tentatively.

"Sure, Dad."

"Hmm! How's Roddy taking it?"

"Fine," said Georgie uneasily.

Her father coughed. Presently he sighed: "Oh, well!—if there's going to be a wedding let's make it a knockout."

The dinner that evening was all of a knockout.

Georgie was in white satin, very long and very flowing at the bottom and very brief and very snug at the top. It set her off. It set off her dark curls and her wholesomely tanned skin. It set off her figure, which was as sleek as the dress itself. And when Georgie stood up to dance the first formal dance with Paul there was not a feminine eye in the place that failed to remark her slim-heeled slippers of vivid Chinese red.

At three-thirty Georgie sat on the edge of her bed. She was too weary to think. She just sat there and looked at the wall. After a little, she told herself, she would undress and go to bed. But she did not feel like bed; not yet.

Sounds came from the boathouse—shouts and snatches of song. Georgie stood up and moved to the window. The noise at the boathouse aroused her curiosity.

She stole downstairs and across the lawn toward the lake. If there was a party being pulled she meant to be in on it. But perhaps she had better see what was going on before barging in. She began tiptoeing. She edged toward one of the open windows. If some of the other girls were there—!

But there were no girls there. Georgie saw that at once. There were just Paul and his three friends—Jack and Bill

(Continued on page 36)

"Yes, I love to see the young folks enjoy themselves—"

Eugene McNerney

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When you are their age— will you have money to come and go as you please?

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—create estates and incomes for families
—pay off mortgages
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—establish business credits
—stabilize business organizations by indemnifying them against the loss of key-men
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Metropolitan policies on individual lives, in various departments, range from $1,000 up to $500,000 or more, and from $1,000 down to $100 or less—premiums payable at convenient periods.

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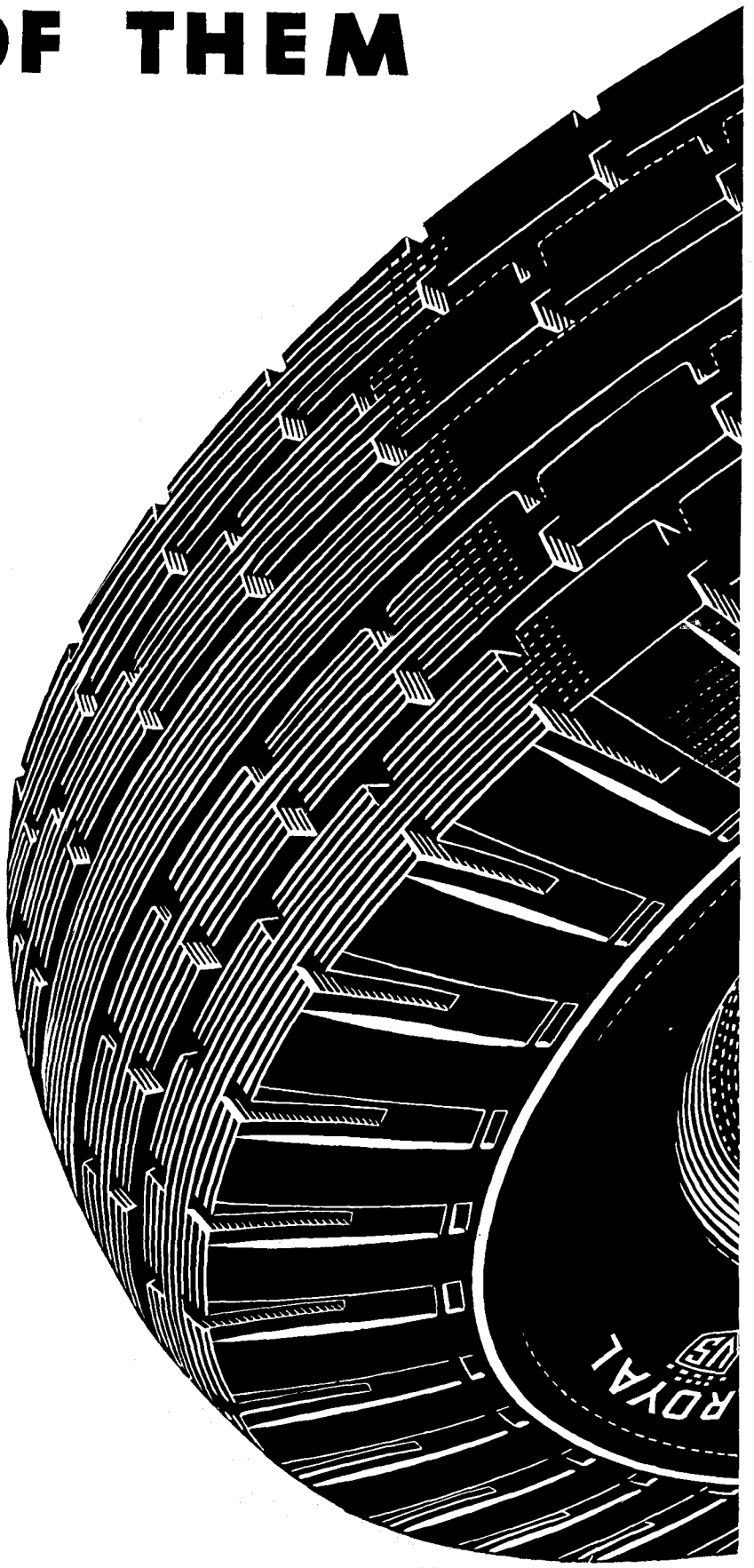
YOU PAY FOR THREE THINGS . . . GET *ALL* OF THEM



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Tempered Rubber

Mileage determines tire value! When a tire runs farther and costs no more, it *must be* cheaper to own. That U. S. Tires deliver *plus* mileage at no additional cost is obvious. Here is the—

PROOF

"We have just completed a nationwide survey to determine the tread wear of the four leading makes of tires. We supervised the entire investigation and attest to the accuracy of the finding. With the tires showing the lowest mileage valued at 100, the tread wear values for the four makes of tires examined are:

Tire A . . .	***100***	***Tire C . . .***	***108***
Tire B . . .	***100***	***U. S. ROYAL .***	***115"***

PITTSBURGH TESTING LABORATORY

President

U. S. Tires are built with *Tempered Rubber,* a new development exclusive to U. S.—the toughest, longest-wearing tread compound that ever rolled over a road.

U. S. TIRES

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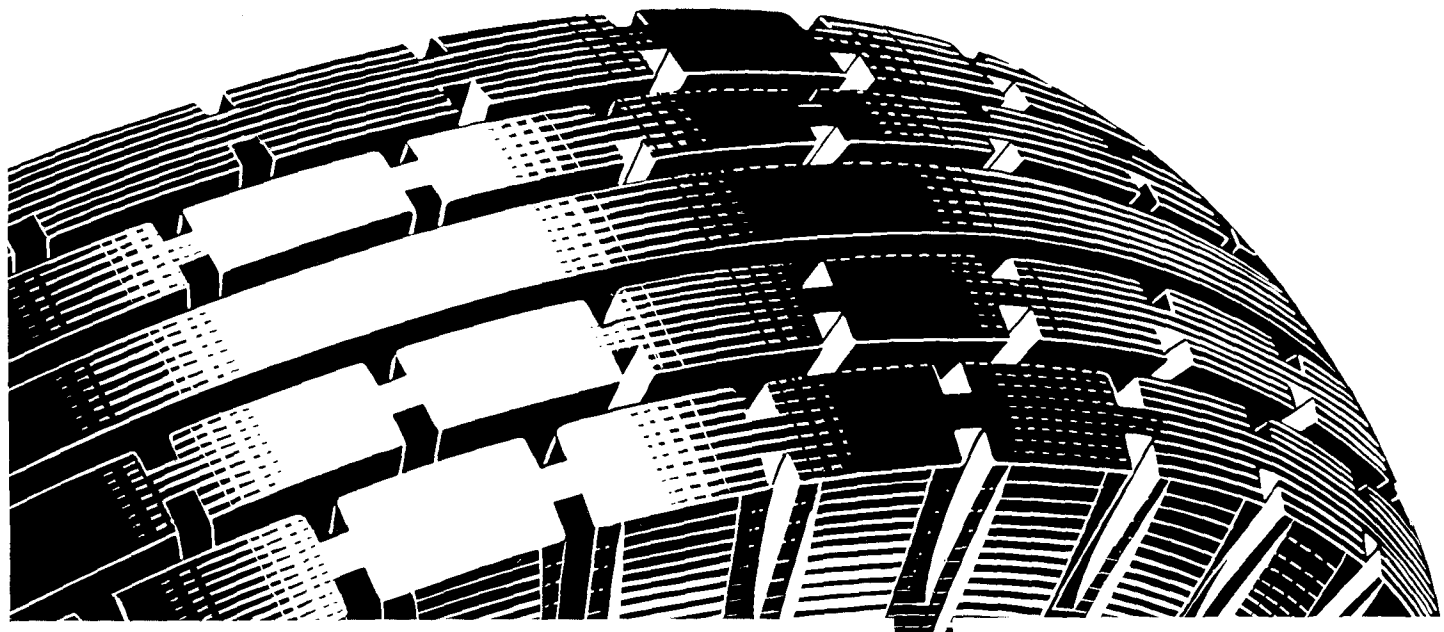

SAFETY
Inside and Outside

The *plus* safety of U. S. Tires begins inside with the extra strength of the unseen cord, the strongest used in tire building! By the exclusive U. S. Latex-bonding process, these *strongest* cords are unified into a tire carcass of exceptional strength and rupture resistance. Outside is the safety of the exclusive U. S. tread. The gripping power of its rugged rubber blocks is the surest known. Its true-running ribs provide quiet traction and easy steering. Here is *plus* safety on any road, in any weather, at any speed. Safety which many a motorist would gladly pay more to get. Safety that costs not a penny premium in U. S. Tires.

APPEARANCE
America's Smartest Tire

The *plus* beauty of U. S. Tires is causing nationwide comment. The sleek, ebony-black side-walls (white or colored, if you wish), the finely molded tread and shoulder, the small, neat insignia—all contribute to pride of possession. *Plus* mileage, *plus* safety, *plus* beauty—the three basic values combined and augmented in just these tires—and at no extra cost. Small wonder that U. S. Tires are chosen as standard equipment by the makers of 75 per cent of all American motor cars. There is a U. S. Tire dealer near you. See him today.

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and Something-or-other, under an electric light. A keg was resting upon one of the cots, and apparently the keg was doing business. And then Georgie heard what she heard. It seemed that Something-or-other was laughing loudly at the groom-to-be.

"Quit kidding me," said Paul largely. "You're not kidding me even if you think you are. Dolly knows all about what I'm doing, and don't you think I'm going back on her either. I'm sticking with Dolly. It's all velvet for that little lady. She understands. She's that kind. She takes what she can get—and if she can get me once in a while she's happy."

One of the men said something. It was grunted, so Georgie could not hear.

"That's what you think," said Paul, glowering at the man. "Well, you take it from me, I'm playing 'em close to the cushion. This Georgie girl that I'm marrying will pass in a crowd. She isn't rich, but she has six thousand a year—six thousand a year for life. I made sure of that, you can bet."

Georgie stood where she was. She stood very straight. Funny!—she felt all cold, as if she were frozen. Then, very calmly, she started back toward the house. She was entirely sure she was going to remain calm. . . . And so, a long time later, she was quite astounded to find herself in the family flivver, boiling along a concrete road toward nowhere. She put on the brakes, slid the car to a halt.

"I wonder where I am," she said to herself.

She did not know. She had not the faintest idea. On both sides of the road were lofty banks of trees; birches, oaks, pines. The road tilted upward. The thought came to her that she might as well keep going. It would be daylight soon. In her white satin evening dress she would be conspicuous in daylight. But the sky was still blue-black overhead. That was a relief. All she wanted was to put distance and still more distance between herself and that nightmare that was intended to have been her wedding.

She threw the car into gear, stepped upon the gas button. But abruptly she jammed on the brakes again. Somehow she could not see very well. She was crying!

"I've got to go somewhere!" she told herself miserably, after a time. And then, because the dim grayish-green dawn was just breaking, she saw where she was. It was too familiar. She clutched blindly at the gear-shift lever, and the tires of the flivver bit the road.

THE house roused itself about nine o'clock, and one of Georgie's sisters went in to wake Georgie. It was then that things started. They started slowly and rather inconsequentially, since Georgie might have done almost any unexpected casual thing. But when the flivver was missed and when the white satin evening dress and Chinese red slippers were missed, then the real buzzing began. Boats missing? No. Canoes missing? No. What about her bathing suit? She might have gone out for a midnight swim, and after all that heavy late supper. . . !

They found Georgie's bathing suit in her room, perfectly dry. And in her trunk they found her new one, her going-away bathing suit, all neatly folded for going away. And her mother and grandmother and two sisters found everything else of Georgie's, every familiar stitch except the evening clothes Georgie had been wearing. It was only then that somebody paused to observe that her bed had not been slept in. And the flivver was missing.

That settled it, of course. She had gone out for a ride! Everybody looked with frightened eyes at everybody else.

The men were up by now; Georgie's father and Roddy Gillette and the husbands of Georgie's sisters and Paul and Jack and Bill and Something-or-other. Paul and his three friends seemed a little bewildered, but they were very, very earnest.

"She might have had an accident," suggested Paul, at which Roddy Gillette merely eyed him and said nothing.

"LET'S go look for her," said Paul. "We've got a few cars here. Let's use our brains." It was explained to him that there were three roads she might have taken; the north-and-south road, which was a state highway, and the road toward Lake Placid, which was also concrete. There weren't any other roads except little mountain byways.

"We'll go in three cars then," said Paul, and in a moment the three cars were racing away from the place.

Roddy Gillette stayed behind. Nobody had asked him to go, anyway. To Georgie's father he said soberly: "How about getting into a canoe and taking a good look all around the pier? Bathing suit or no bathing suit, I think it's a good idea to get it off our minds. You can see bottom for two or three hundred feet out. She doesn't like to swim very far. And if she did get a cramp—"

They both felt much better after the search. Her father said presently: "She knows how to take care of herself all right, Roddy. What do you make of it?"

Roddy shook his reddish head. "Nothing, sir, except the last couple of days she's had a sort of funny look in her eyes. Maybe you wouldn't notice it, but you see . . ." Abruptly he shrugged and added, "Maybe I'm imagining things."

Georgie's father pondered. Then: "Do you think there's a chance she's deliberately run away?"

Roddy smiled wanly. "I can't even guess at that, Mr. Dilworth. Only it seems to me that something— Well, you know as well as I do that Georgie has a darned level head."

"Anything but," her father said cryptically.

They walked back to the house and sat hunched-up on the veranda steps. After a little the first car appeared. It swooped up beside the house. Something-or-other was driving it and one of Georgie's sisters' husbands sat beside him. "We found the car," they reported. "It was on the state road, about six miles north of the railway station. Everything okay. Georgie's handkerchief wedged into the back of the seat. But no Georgie and no key."

Roddy was standing up. "Where was it exactly?" he demanded.

"No place exactly. Just along the road. A lot of trees."

"Was it near an old house with a fallen-in roof?"

"No—no house in sight."

"Was it near a big white stone?"

"White stone?" The two men in the car looked at each other. They remembered no stone. As a matter of fact there were whitish stones all along the road.

"Well," persisted Roddy, "was it on a hill or a flat place?"

"Hill, going up."

Roddy dug his fingers into Georgie's father's knee. "Leave it to me," he whispered and sauntered casually around the corner of the house. When he was out of sight of everybody he began to walk more briskly. Then he began to run. It was the first time he ever had taken the lake trail at a run. The thing to do was to keep on the lake trail to Peacock Point and then cut sharply up the hill and across the state road and straight up the rocky side of the mountain. It was the quickest way to Little Nob even if it was not the pleasantest.

BECAUSE that's where Georgie was, in the place they had discovered about a half mile the other side of Little Nob. No human being, as far as they could see, had ever been there. It was a tiny glade, a mere garden plot of soft green grass, surrounded and banked with cedars; surrounded and banked except for one little slit of a vista, and that vista looked out over miles and miles of rolling valleys. "If I ever die," Georgie had said, "promise to make them bury me here." That day he had almost thought that she loved him.

Of course, maybe she wasn't there. But it might be where she would go if she wanted terribly to be alone. It was worth the chance. Roddy raced along the lake trail, jumping roots and dodging windfalls, until his wind bested him. Then he walked, gasping, and then he ran again. At Peacock Point he took the sharp hill, and now he was running like a locomotive. Nothing could stop him. He flung across the state road and tackled the rocky abruptness of the mountain with hands and fingers and elbows and driving knees. It was a fight but it was fun. He fought his way up, over rocks and around them, through patches of brambles and patches of thistles and patches of wild rose. And then he was on top of Little Nob and plopping down the slope toward Georgie's glade.

He came into the place on the run. Georgie looked up at him and he looked down at her. She was still in her white satin evening gown, the two Chinese red dancing slippers tossed beside her upon the grass. Her stockinged feet were stretched out.

Georgie smiled a half-smile. "I could hear you coming for miles," she said.

"Well, it's about time you heard from somebody, I should think. What did you ever duck off here for, Georgie?"

"Because there was no place to go till night." Now she smiled more brightly. "And what did you come up here for, Roddy?"

"To find you, naturally. Everybody's crazy down there."

"Well, I'm not going to marry him. I'm just not—that's all."

"Do you think I'm here to drag you back?" said Roddy.

"HOW did you know I was here?" she countered.

"Oh, don't be silly," said Roddy. And then he said: "Listen, did anything happen?"

"Plenty happened. I'll probably tell you about it some day." She eyed him thoughtfully. Then: "Roddy, I've been doing a lot of thinking today. I've been sitting here since sunrise."

"I'll bet you're hungry, Georgie."

She shook her head. "Haven't had time to think about that yet. But do you know why I came up here—I mean why I picked this place?"

"Sure. You knew I'd find you."

"Well," said Georgie, "you've found me."

Roddy glared at her. He smiled as abruptly. He said incisively: "You've been in love with me for years and you've just waked up to it."

"Oh, Roddy, is that fair?"

"It's not only fair; it's the truth."

Georgie seemed to be examining her stockinged toes. She examined them for a long time. Then she said softly, "Roddy?"

"Yes?"

"Will it ruin us if I start off by admitting that I've been crazy and that you're absolutely right?"

"Nobody could ruin us," he informed her.

"But what are we going to do about the wedding?" Georgie asked bleakly.

Roddy pulled his ear. Then he winked at her. "Well, it's all there, isn't it. Let's go get it."

"But what about Paul?"

Roddy stooped. He was lanky and a little bit clumsy but he was comfortably big. He said conversationally: "I think I'll carry you down the first part of the trail. Arms up! Around my neck! There, that's right. When we get down where it's pine needles you can take off your stockings and walk barefoot. Feels grand. Oh, that's right—you said what about Paul. Well, suppose you tell me about Paul on the way down and then leave him to me."

Wedding Day

Continued from page 32

"My mind was set on one of two things—I was either going to be a missionary or a night-club hostess" *Nate Collier*

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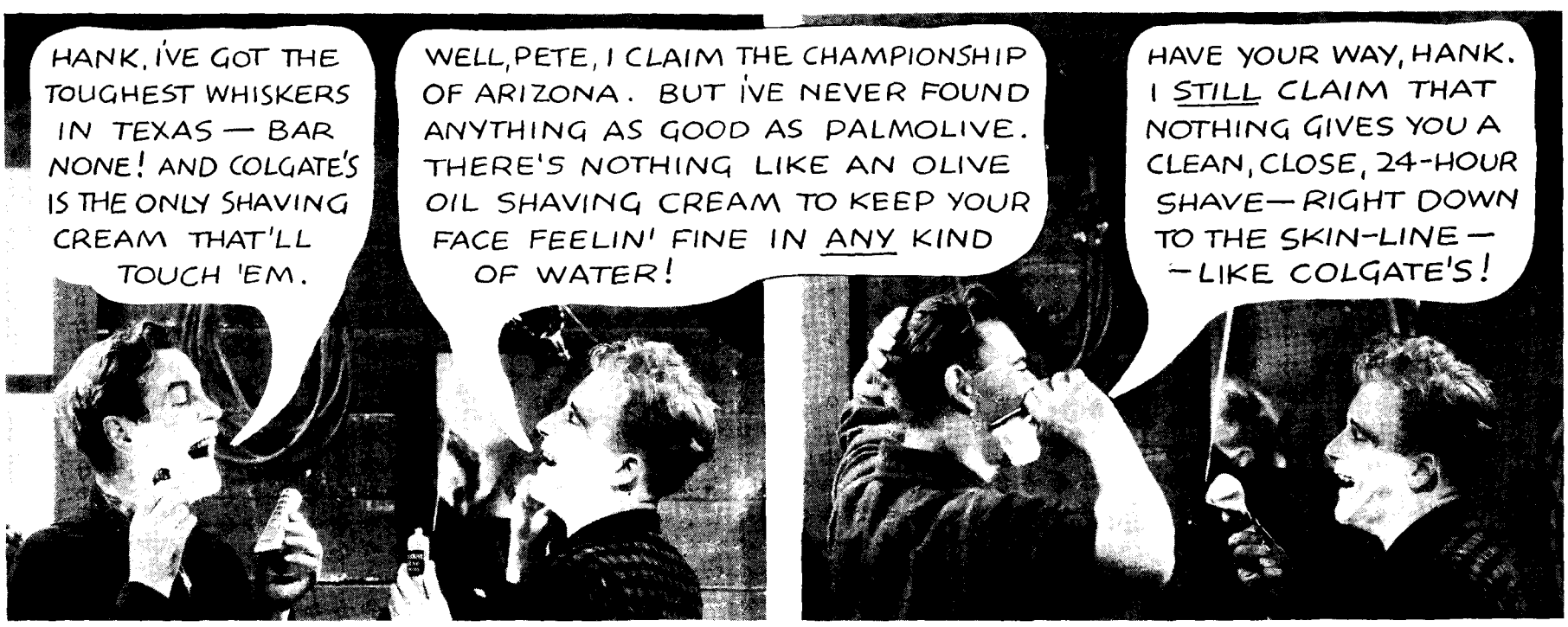
Last chance to get into this $25,000 argument

Here are the prizes for this month—464 in all!

For best Colgate "blurbs"		For best Palmolive "blurbs"	
1st	$500	1st	$500
2nd	125	2nd	125
3rd	50	3rd	50
9 next	25	9 next	25
20 next	10	20 next	10
200 next.	5	200 next.	5

Names of previous winners sent on request

Write your "blurb" now. Contest closes July 31.


HANK, I'VE GOT THE TOUGHEST WHISKERS IN TEXAS — BAR NONE! AND COLGATE'S IS THE ONLY SHAVING CREAM THAT'LL TOUCH 'EM.
WELL, PETE, I CLAIM THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ARIZONA. BUT I'VE NEVER FOUND ANYTHING AS GOOD AS PALMOLIVE. THERE'S NOTHING LIKE AN OLIVE OIL SHAVING CREAM TO KEEP YOUR FACE FEELIN' FINE IN ANY KIND OF WATER!
HAVE YOUR WAY, HANK. I STILL CLAIM THAT NOTHING GIVES YOU A CLEAN, CLOSE, 24-HOUR SHAVE—RIGHT DOWN TO THE SKIN-LINE—LIKE COLGATE'S!

GET in on this $25,000 argument! You Palmolive users—Hank wants your help. You Colgate shavers—Pete says, "Stick with me!" Just write a "blurb" like those above. In your own words, say YOUR say—in favor of Palmolive OR in favor of Colgate's.

Here's the idea. Palmolive and Colgate's are far and away the world's most popular shaving creams. They out-sell all others in a field of 176 competing brands. Millions of Colgate users swear there's nothing better. Millions of shavers are sold solid on Palmolive.

We want to know where *you* stand. Here's your chance to tell us—and a chance to get a slice of that $25,000! In ONE of the empty "blurb" spaces at right (or better on a separate sheet of paper) write your boost for Colgate's or Palmolive—*not both.* Just get into the argument. Say your say in your own words. Do it now!

PRIZE WINNERS of $500 awards in the second set of monthly prizes, awarded March 31, were F. Vardin, Jr., 2015 Joliet St., New Orleans. La., for his Colgate "blurb;" and Wilton Garrison, Highland Court, Spartanburg, S. C., for his Palmolive "blurb." In the third set, awarded April 30, Pritchett A. Klugh, 43 Rutland Square, Boston, Mass., for his Palmolive "blurb;" and R. W. Rogers, 218 N. Michigan St., South Bend, Ind., for his Colgate "blurb." Names of other prize winners for these contests will be sent upon request.

CONTEST RULES

Mail your "blurb" with name and address to **Contest Editors, Dept. G-7, P.O. Box 1133, Chicago, Ill.** Residents of Canada, address: **64 Natalie Street, Toronto, 8.**

The prize money (totaling $25,000) is divided into 6 sets of monthly prizes (each set totaling $4200). At the end of each month prizes are awarded (see list above) for the best "blurbs" received during that month, as follows:

Feb. 29	$4200	Mar. 31	$4200
April 30	$4200	May 31	$4200
June 30	$4200	July 31	$4200

(*Contest closes July 31, 1932*)

Contest is open only to residents of the United States and Canada. Employes of the manufacturers and their families may *not* compete.

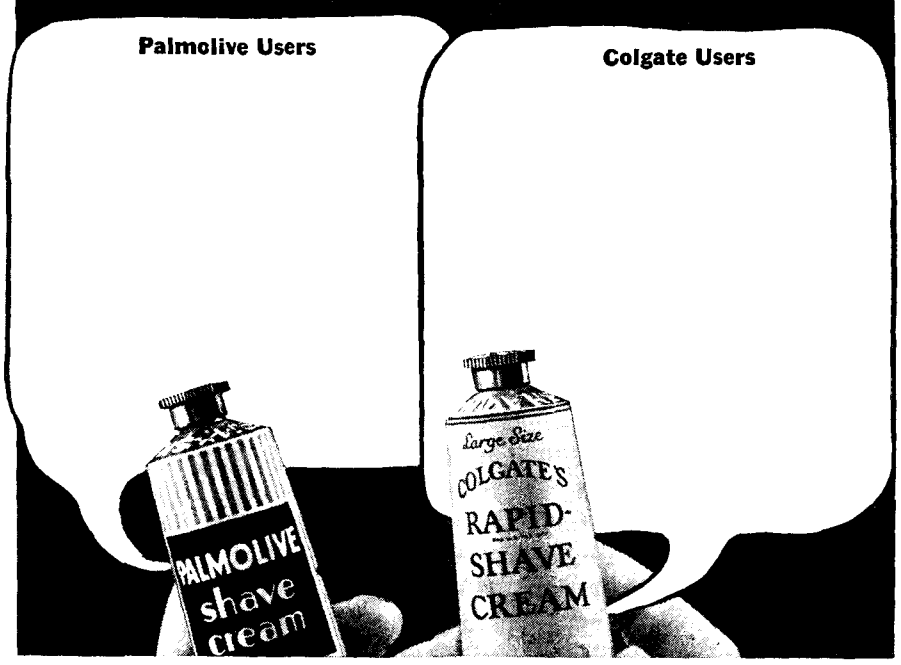
In event of a tie, each tying contestant will be awarded full amount of the prize tied for. Decision of the judges shall be final.

Some hints to help you win

At the right are some facts about the world's two largest selling shaving creams—Palmolive and Colgate's. Here are some of the reasons why men prefer these famous shaving creams.

Here's where you take your shot at some of that $25,000

Pete wants you Colgate users to back him up. Hank wants every Palmolive shaver's help. Start *now* and get into this $25,000 argument! This is your last chance. Contest closes finally July 31st.



PALMOLIVE
1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes.
4. Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

COLGATE'S
1. Breaks up oil film that covers each hair.
2. Small bubbles soften each hair at the base of the beard.
3. Gives close, skin-line shave.
4. Gives lasting, 24-hour shave.

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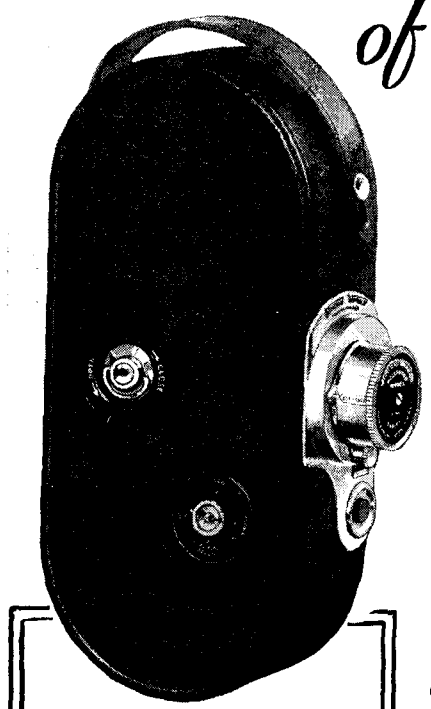
LEADING MOVIE STARS use and endorse the Stewart-Warner Movie Camera.

Says LEILA HYAMS—*Popular M-G-M star, "Your little camera certainly ought to make home movies popular with everybody."*

EVERYONE *can now enjoy the thrill of taking Movies*



AT LAST! . . . . .
a High Quality Movie Camera at a Popular Price

●

So simple that anyone can operate it—and make movies of professional theatre-like brilliance

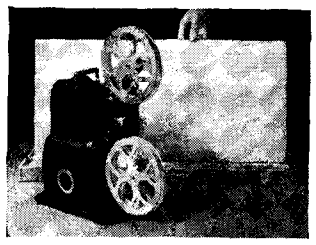
Here is the camera that has been definitely planned to make movie-taking easy for the beginner. No intricate adjustments—no complicated preliminaries. Just sight through the camera, press the button and make movies of professional, theatre-like brilliance. No other camera at any price can offer you the same combination of outstanding features.

It even has Four Speeds. Includes s-l-o-w motion and talking picture; uses standard 16-mm. film, developed free.

Its sturdy dependability is the result of Stewart-Warner's 25 years' experience building long-wearing, accurate, gear-driven products.

Go to your dealer and see the New Stewart-Warner Camera, Projector and Screen, or send for illustrated folder.

Furnished complete with leather-bound, waterproof carrying case of sporty new design—DE LUXE HOLLYWOOD MODEL, only $50



New STEWART-WARNER PROJECTOR
A fit companion to the camera. Amazing value at the price. Most powerful light—500 watts—ever offered in a Home Movie Projector.

New STEWART-WARNER SCREEN
Latest Roll-up, Standing type—permanently attached to case which acts as a base to keep it in an upright position. Aluminum surface.

Put Your Children in the Movies
Make a living record of all their birthdays.

Dear Old Mother and Dad
Keep them always in living movies.

Your Golf Swing in Slow Motion
Will help you in improving your game.

Take Movies on Your Vacations
To enjoy over and over again.

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Movie Camera Division, STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION COLL. 7-2
1826 Diversey Parkway, Chicago

Send me illustrated folder, telling me all about the Stewart-Warner Movie Camera, and how easy it is to own and operate it.

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OVER 30 MILLION SATISFIED OWNERS OF STEWART-WARNER PRODUCTS

Broth of a Boy

Continued from page 23

he paid eleven dollars for it. Every night in spring and summer and fall he went to a vacant lot near his furnished room in Harlem and threw the hammer around.

It wasn't long after this that his alderman appointed him for examination, which he passed and so got on the cops. He saved a man's life and won the Congressional Medal of Honor and wide fame.

So he became an official hero. Athletic clubs welcomed him and he had, being a department hero, all the time he needed to train.

Snubbing Royalty

It was always his ambition to meet and beat Flanagan, the champion. He did so on a fine June day when a dark-eyed young woman was there to see him do it. She was Loretta Smith, a New Yorker of Irish descent, and she's been Mrs. McGrath ever since, and so used to seeing her man win championships that it's a marvel to her when he doesn't.

With another policeman they called Babe McDonald, famous as a shot putter, Matt McGrath went to London to do a thing he had long dreamed about—to wear the U. S. shield in the Olympic games. He beat Irishmen, Englishmen, Finns, Swedes and Canadians, although his team-mate Flanagan won the finals. When they stood up under the Stars and Stripes while championship scrolls were handed out by the King of England, those near by swore that tears were in his eyes.

The king complimented him, and Matt thanked His Majesty in a brogue two sizes wider than he normally used. His Majesty might not have felt so much like complimenting him had he known who had been responsible for an incident that drew criticism from the London newspapers on the opening day of the games.

Athletes of all the nations, each nation's contingent following its flag, passed in review before the royal box. As they did so, each flag-bearer dipped the colors to the king. Seeing this, Matt McGrath, who wanted the honor of carrying the American flag, turned to Ralph Rose, a California athlete who stood six feet seven inches, barefooted.

"You'll carry Old Glory," he told Rose. "You're the tallest man among us."

Ahead of the Americans marched the athletes of France and Italy. Their flags dipped before the royal box. The Americans came next. McGrath stepped beside Rose, the flag-bearer.

"Dip that banner," he said, "and you're in a hospital tonight."

That banner went unbowed past the King and Queen of England.

Leaving London, McGrath went home to Ireland.

When he got to Benagh in Tipperary, taking a jaunting car to roll over the hills from Ardagh, the countryside turned out to greet him. There were drum and fife bands and the coöpter, as magistrate, ordered feasting and dancing.

Matt stayed at his father's house, where his mother served strong tea to everybody who came. His stringed hammers were kept in back of the house where there was a field so that Matt could throw the hammers to the delight of spectators. For a week they kept up the festivities, until it irked Matt. On a Saturday night he told his mother he would throw no more hammers, even though he was champion. He was weary and he wanted sleep to refresh him to take the trip back to Queenstown for the boat back to America.

But the crowds came and Matt had to stay up for them, throwing his hammers by moonlight, and singing and dancing with the girls—but never drinking. He's done little of that in his life.

Matt wrenched himself away at dawn to go to bed. It seemed to him that only a few minutes later he was awakened by voices in his bedroom. He turned over and saw his mother standing with arms akimbo in the little room. Back of her were the heads of half a dozen men.

"There's Matt," his mother was saying, like a lecturer to sight-seers. "Isn't he the broth of a boy?"

When he blinked up at them and tried to cover his massive frame with a blanket, his mother said:

"Matt, these are lads from Tyrone who want to see you throw the hammers."

"I'm weary of it," said Matt.

"But they've come all the way from Tyrone in charbangs to see the champion of the world," said his mother. "Get up and throw the hammers for an hour and I'll give you a strong cup of tay."

Matt growled again.

"There are girls outside that have come with 'em, Matt," she said.

So Matt went out and threw the hammers. But the same day he rolled his hammers into their cases and took ship back to America.

From that time on Matt McGrath was a celebrated man. Each winter he'd spend playing handball, and each spring he'd go up to the Athletic Club field at Travers Island. Here Matt would practice throwing his big and little hammers.

The police department recognized it to be a good thing to have a world-famous athlete in its ranks. Matt was permitted to travel all over the continent to various meets. He always won. There were the Olympic games of 1912, when he beat the world with a mighty throw of 179 feet.

"A Man Must Train—Always"

But the championship was beginning to bore. Going beyond forty years slowed Matt's energy; and promotion to a deputy inspectorship kept him at a desk instead of giving him foot drill on the pavements, or traffic watch pushing the busses along Fifth Avenue. Then, again, Matt had won so many medals that his broad chest couldn't contain them. A lad named Patrick O'Callaghan came along and beat him.

But he bore no grudge. He sits back in the glory of a desk and a gold shield as deputy inspector in a turbulent precinct castle in mid-Manhattan. His eye is blue-gray, his jaw like reinforced concrete, and his build of two-forty-five pounds as solid as a steel bridge pier.

"A man must train—always," he says.

So Matt, with his eye on reclaiming for the United States the title of champion hammer thrower of the world, trains diligently. In an athletic park he spends two hours a day, pivoting, swinging, throwing, marking the throws, studying his technique, concentrating on the seven points a champion thrower must remember instantly at every throw—stance, grip, pivot, foothold, turn, aim and pitch. He eats carefully, drinks no alcohol, thinks only of three things—his home, his job and his hammers.

That is how to become a champion hammer thrower.

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Spalding presents BOBBY JONES' IDEAS

SOME people complain that better golf implements tend to mechanize the game. The experts don't agree. They contend that the more perfect the implements, the more nearly the game becomes a pure test of human skill. Remove the penalties inflicted by interior equipment, and you get closer to the fundamental purpose of any true sport—the test of one player's skill against another's, and may the best man win.

That is the reason why the new Spalding Robt. T. Jones, Jr. Clubs are a definite and important step forward in golf. For they are the nearest to perfection golf clubs have ever come.

They embody the ideas of Bobby Jones, now a Spalding Director, and of the Spalding experts. Together, they translated into steel, theories they were all convinced would result in better golf clubs.

Spalding and Jones felt that a redistribution of weight would produce an iron easier to swing and easier to control. The problem was to get more weight into the blade without making the club head-heavy. It was accomplished by lightening the hosel, and putting a carefully designed flange on the back of the blade.

This redistribution places the center of percussion two inches lower than it is on hickory-shafted irons, and an inch lower than it is on other steel-shafted irons. It makes the iron feel sweeter, and makes it easier to control. It gives the impression that it *wants* to follow through—the blade actually seems to flow through the ball.

Such a redistribution of weight would not be feasible without the Spalding Cushion-neck feature. To achieve the proper balance, it is necessary to use a steel shaft—and Spalding's patented rubber cushioning is the only shock-absorbing feature yet invented that makes a steel-shafted iron a sweet club to play.

Another aid to control is the manner in which the flanged blade seats itself in back of the ball, as accurately as a putter. It lets you forget all distracting fussing with the lie of the blade, and get right down to the primary business of hitting the ball.

The idea of matching the irons in pairs, as to length of shaft and lie of blade, is one that Jones has used in his own clubs for some time. It cuts the number of stances in half—you need only one stance for every *two* clubs. Of course, every pair is matched with every other pair in swinging weight, so that the same swing and timing are correct for every club in the set!

The Woods pack a real thrill

If there's one part of golf Bobby Jones excels in, it's wood play—and he has always had a weakness for fine woods. The new Woods reflect both his skill with, and his feeling for, wood clubs. They have no radical changes and their improvements are difficult to describe. But any experienced golfer will feel these improvements, and get a big kick out of them, the first time he wraps his fingers around the clubs. Try them—you'll see what we mean!

The Senior Set of Five Woods introduces two new Woods (Nos. 4 and 5) with which to make the long shots now entrusted to Irons Nos. 1 and 2. Senior golfers will find these new Woods a considerable help.

Meet Calamity Jane

Included in this new line of clubs is an accurate reproduction of Bobby Jones' faithful old friend, Calamity Jane. Some people feel that Jones hangs on to this taped-up antique just because he is superstitious. But the truth is, he has never been able to find a putter with the balance and accuracy of Calamity Jane. In making up this exact duplicate, Spalding has included even the windings on the shaft, so as not to risk disturbing that balance and accuracy.

Try these new clubs soon. We think you'll find that they'll fully live up to the faith Bobby Jones and Spalding have in them.

◆ ◆ ◆

Spalding
ROBERT T. JONES, JR.
GOLF CLUBS

These new Spalding Robert T. Jones, Jr. Golf Clubs are offered at the lowest prices ever asked for Spalding's first-line clubs! Custom-Built Registered Irons are $50 for set of 6, $67 for set of 8, $75 for set of 9. Cushion-shaft Irons are $5 each . . . Custom-Built De Luxe Registered Woods are $24 for the pair, $36 for set of 3, $48 for set of 4. Custom-Built Standard Registered Woods are $20 for the pair, $30 for set of 3, $40 for set of 4. Autograph Woods, $8 and $10 each. The Senior Set of Five Woods is $40 and $60 . . . Calamity Jane Putter is $6. © 1932, A. G. S. & BROS.

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DISCOVERED "SECRET" OF PIPE SATISFACTION TEN YEARS AGO

His "Secret" shared by Thousands today

TEN years ago Mr. J. Franz Norgren of Madison, South Dakota, was still engaged in the search well known to every pipe smoker—the search for the ideal tobacco. Then one day his seeking was rewarded. He found it at last in Edgeworth! For some time he believed he had stumbled upon a "secret." But as the years passed he met up with the "little blue tin" with increasing frequency. Mr. Norgren's letter tells the story of his discovery.

Madison, South Dakota,
December 25, 1931

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Today, Christmas day, I received a half-pound of Edgeworth from a friend. That's a real gift! Ten years' intimate acquaintance with this excellent tobacco only intensifies my approval of a friend's good judgment.

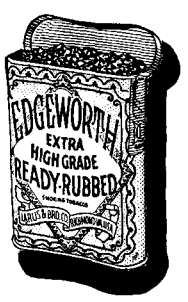
When I first smoked Edgeworth, I thought I had discovered a secret. I had no idea before how satisfactory a fine blend could be. I came to look upon a good pipe packed with Edgeworth as a point of distinction wherever I might be. My observations since have upheld my theory. I meet up with the little blue tin with ever-increasing frequency.

Living in the country a fellow gets to be particular about tobacco. To my mind, Edgeworth is the one tobacco that shows up best in any circumstances. At work or at leisure, there's no pal that comes up as cheerfully and that lends itself so perfectly to the moods of man and nature as another pipe of Edgeworth.

The point is, though, Edgeworth isn't the secret I thought it was. It's out—such things don't stay secret when you have friends.

Very truly yours,
J. Franz Norgren.

Mr. Norgren's affection for his pipe and Edgeworth is an affection typical among pipe smokers. In work or play, there's no companion closer to a man's heart than his pipe. Are you one who has never known the genuine satisfaction of a good pipe and good tobacco? Have you never felt the relaxation, the comfort and companionship they can bring you?



Then take up your pen right now and drop a line to Larus & Brother Co. at 101 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va., and ask for a free sample packet of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco. Try it in any good pipe and after the first few puffs you'll understand the enthusiasm which made Mr. Norgren write the above letter to the makers of Edgeworth. Edgeworth is a *different* tobacco. It is cool and slow-burning. Its blend of choice burleys with the natural savor sealed in cannot be matched—regardless of price or fancy packaging. Put Edgeworth in your pipe and smoke it.

You can buy Edgeworth in two forms—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. All sizes from 15-cent pocket packages to pound humidor tins. Several sizes also come in vacuum sealed tins.

The Candidate

Continued from page 13

fifteen years even then. Till I die I'll never forget how I laughed when he left the congressman's office, and how the congressman had turned to me and said, "I like him. I'm going to put him over."

Like a son he'd been to the congressman, and like a father the congressman had been to him. He'd got him every office in the gift of the state. Assemblyman, state senator, congressman, governor. And not once, in that quarter-century, had the congressman asked him to do a single thing that an honest man couldn't do. Oh, a little straddling, a little tact, maybe. But nothing more.

THIS is no brief for the congressman. He's put his fingers, plenty, where his fingers didn't belong. But not where the Candidate was concerned. You know how it is. Everyone wants one clean, fine thing in his life and—well, that's what the Candidate was in Billy's. He had two records. One was his public record—and if you want to hold noses, folks, why, go ahead and do it. But the other was the Candidate's record, and if there is anything finer in this generation, I'd like to hear of it.

And there he stood, a little heavier through the shoulders, his hair gray now, but with the same fine upstanding way about him that he'd had twenty-five years ago. There was a look of concern on his face. The door closed behind him.

"Why, Congressman," he said, "I thought I'd find you in bed."

"That was Curtis," he said. "Always a diplomat, you know."

The Candidate came farther into the room. He smiled—you know that smile of his, that's so friendly and honest.

"Well, I'm glad you're not really ill," he said. "No sick man eats wheat cakes in the morning. And I wanted to see you before I saw anyone else. I wanted to tell you how grateful I am to you, how much I owe you."

"Oh," said the congressman. "Wanted to pat the faithful old dog on the head, eh? Well, that was nice of you. I just thought you were sending me orders to report."

"Sending *you* orders?" The Candidate flushed. "Why, Congressman, how on earth could you think—"

"Oh, I been around a long time," said the congressman. "People forget the ladders—"

"Billy!" The hurt reproach in his voice made me squirm. I don't know how it affected the congressman.

"Oh, I'm not saying you would," said Billy, "but—you know how it is. You're the Candidate now, the party's leader, and—besides, I didn't want any crowd around when we talked. If I called on you, there might be other people there, and—you see, they might think *I* was giving you orders."

"You never have, Congressman," said the Candidate. "Suggestions, yes. Plenty of them, and all good. Why, that speech I made yesterday—you read it over, made changes, practically rewrote it. And I don't mind anyone knowing things like that about you. You're my friend, my adviser."

"Well, that's fine," said the congressman. "I'm glad you still feel that way. I got an idea you'd changed a bit overnight. But, as long as you haven't—well, here's what I want you to do. I want you to go from here to the convention hall and let the boys know you want Peters as your running mate."

"Peters?" I gasped. "Why, Billy, they wouldn't nominate him for Vice President."

"Why wouldn't they?" he asked.

"My God, it would be suicide for the ticket!" I cried. "He's been wet; he's been dry. He's been for high tariff; he's been against high tariff. He's trimmed on every subject that ever came up."

The congressman turned to the Candidate.

"Now that Curt has quit horning in—what do you think?" he asked.

"I think Curtis is wrong," he replied.

"See?" Billy grinned at me.

"But," went on the Candidate, "I wouldn't run on the same ticket with him. He's strong enough with the voters, no matter what Curtis thinks. But he's yellow; he's a liar. I won't have him."

"Oh, *you* won't have him, eh?" said the congressman, "Well, I want him."

The Candidate smiled.

"Well, that's one little thing you won't insist upon, I hope. Billy, I wouldn't run with the man."

"No? You'll do as I say," cried the congressman.

"Good God, Billy, are you crazy?" I said. "You can't give orders to the next President of the United States."

"Who says I can't?" he demanded.

The Candidate looked at him. There was sorrow, there was pity in his fine eyes.

"I say you can't, Billy," he said gently. "Why, Billy, I'd feel dishonored running with Peters. If his nomination meant certain success for the ticket—I'd not accept him. The thought that—something might happen to me, and that that man would sit in the White House—it can't be, Billy."

"Well, it's going to be," said the congressman. "You take Peters, or you lose me. Take Peters—and take him quick—or I'm through as national chairman. Go get someone else to run your campaign. Get out of here and, by God, don't ever come back. And don't ever send for me. Telling me what you will or won't do, eh? Me, that's made you President."

"Wait a bit, Billy," he said. "I'm not President yet. And if I am elected—it will be the people who put me in the White House. After all, they'll be the ones. I tell you, Peters is a crook. It isn't known, but it's a fact. I won't have him."

"That goes?" asked the congressman.

"It goes," replied the Candidate.

THE congressman reached for the telephone.

"There's fifty newspaper men outside," he said. "Say 'yes' to Peters, or I call them in and tell them I've resigned from the chairmanship, from the management of your campaign. And what I won't tell them is that I hope to God I never see you again. I'm telling you that, though."

"Billy!" I screamed. "You've lost your mind."

He didn't look at me.

"Well?" he said to the Candidate.

"You're asking the impossible."

"You'll ditch the man that made you, eh?" said the congressman.

The Candidate looked at me.

"Curtis," he said, "you're his friend. Tell him that I can't do it. Curtis, you're going to be in my Cabinet. Tell him that you don't want a man like Peters in the government."

"*Secretary* Curtis," said the congressman softly.

And I stared hard at the Candidate.

"I'm stringing with the congressman," I replied.

"But you said yourself it would be suicide to run Peters—"

"It doesn't matter what I said, sir," I told him. "What the congressman wants—I give him."

"And I'll have my orders obeyed—or else," said the congressman. "I made you, Mr. Candidate. I might be able to unmake you. Take Peters—or take the consequences."

The Candidate looked at him.

"Billy," he said, "I'm sorry. I won't take Peters."

"If it means the White House?" asked Billy.

"If it means the Kingdom of Heaven," said the Candidate.

"Then get out," said the congressman. "We're through."

"We're through," said the Candidate.

He walked through the door and it closed behind him. And twenty-five years of devoted friendship went with him.

I shrugged.

"Well, there goes the election," I sighed.

"Think so?" said the congressman.

"I know so," I told him. "If you split with the Candidate, with all the favorite sons burning up—unless—" I stared at him.

"Unless what?" he asked.

"I didn't know you and Peters were so close," I said.

"He's a good man," he said.

"You're a good liar," I said.

"AND what do you mean by that?" he demanded.

"It's just leaking through my thick skull," I told him. "Why, I've heard you talk about Peters. You know he's no good. Yet you split with the Candidate—you know what I think?"

"Thinking is bad for men with hangovers," he said.

"The hangover's what's made me dull this morning," I said. "I know what's in your mind. You're a boss. It was all right while you stuck to our own state, but—the country's something else, eh? And you know you'd be a swell target for the other side. And you know that the Candidate will hurt himself by defending you, by telling how much he owes you. You knew he wouldn't ditch you. He's too loyal. So you ditched him. And you picked Peters to make him get his back up—and damn you, Congressman, you tried to get me sore at you."

"Why, you *must* have been drinking last night," he said.

"You wanted me to get that Cabinet post," I said.

"It isn't too late now," he said.

"Isn't it?" I said. "Thanks for reminding me. But, Billy—you can't split with the Candidate. You've just arrived at national control. You've run the party in the state for years—now you're the big boss—why, if you split with the Candidate—it finishes you."

"And starts him," he said.

I puffed at my cigarette.

"'Greater love than this'—Well, you're making me sentimental, Congressman."

"And that's a tougher job than making a President," he grinned. "Better send for the newspaper men. Tell them that my health isn't equal to the strain of the campaign and—well, what else, Curt?"

"That ought to do," I said. "Lord, you were rough with him, Congressman."

"It was the only way," he said.

"Sure, I suppose so," I agreed. I reached for the phone. "Well, I'd better send for the newspaper men."

"You'd better," he said.

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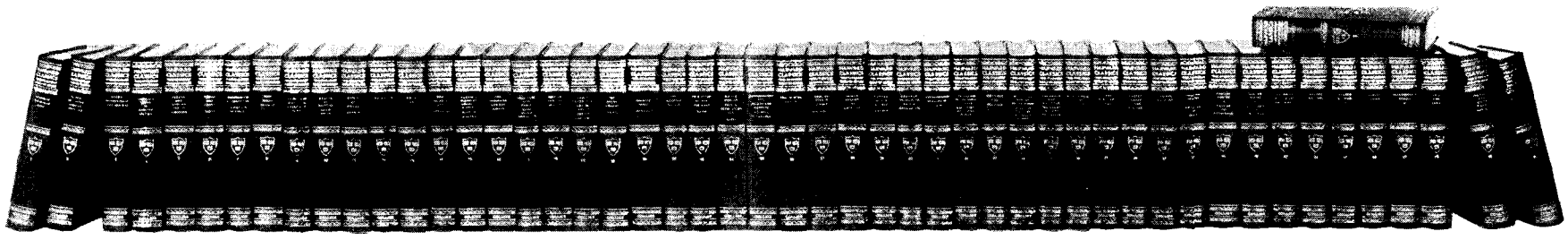

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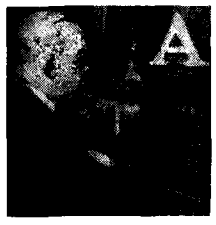

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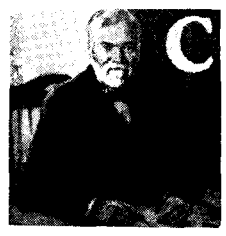

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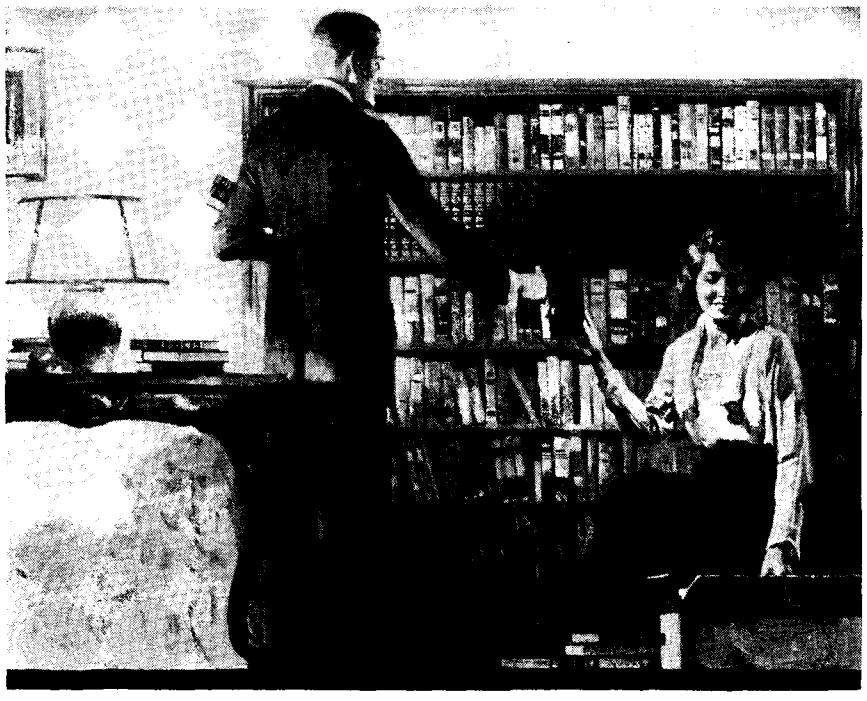

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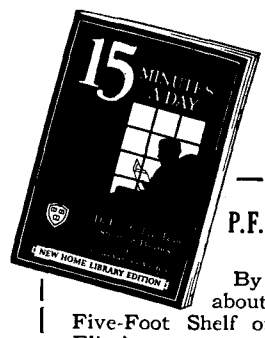

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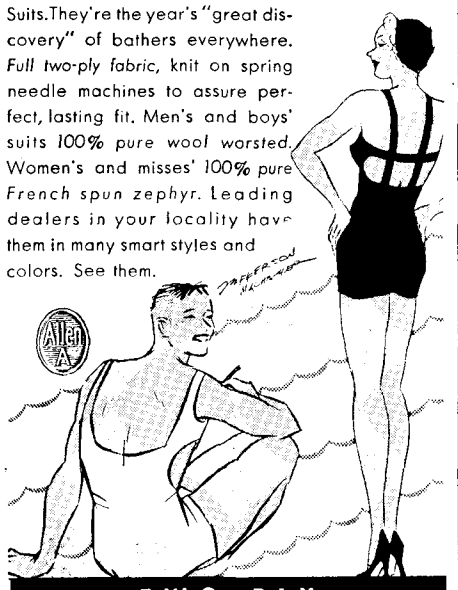

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Marjorie's Million

Continued from page 19

to her than that. She'd simply read the papers and felt sorry when she read that someone she had known when she was just a child had lost his money. She had thought he was in trouble, grieved about it—bless her tender little heart—and come at once to do what she could do.

He'd have to show a lot of tact when she came back at half past eight or else he'd hurt her feelings. He'd tell her just how marvelous he thought she was and stop right there. He'd have to stop right there. And then he'd take her home and see Old Man MacLean so he could lock that million dollars up before she gave it to a blind man.

At nineteen minutes after eight Tom had just come to the firm conclusion that he couldn't wait another minute, when she entered.

"Sit down," Tom said. "Stop looking at me that way, too."

She sat down in the chair beside the desk and Tom saw that her lips were trembling and that life was going to be very difficult.

"You can't do things like this, you know," Tom pointed out. "Scampering around to everyone you think has lost his money and suggesting marriage just because you're sorry for them and because you've got a million dollars. Some pauper's going to pounce on you, and then where will you be? And where in Pete's name did you get it, anyway?"

"The million dollars? From Aunt Marian. She said if I was not equipped for it at twenty-one I never would be."

"But you can't be twenty-one."

"I can too. Yesterday," said Marjorie. "And—"

The office door flew open and a young man clattered in.

This young man was a wild young man who pointed a dramatic arm at Marjorie and seethed.

"What's that fool doing here?" he seethed.

TOM, horrified, would doubtless have arranged a quick and muscular conclusion to this spectacle, but something in the attitude of Marjorie MacLean persuaded him to pause. The girl looked oddly altered, strangely capable of coping with this weird occasion by herself.

"I say, what's that fool doing here?" the wild young man again inquired. And the lady answered, haughtily: "Miss Fool, to you, you fool."

"I didn't think she'd really do it," said the youth. "Honestly, Mr. Halliday, I didn't think she actually would." His anger seemed to change to sadness and he sadly wagged his head. "I guess she's nuts all right," he said.

A look of dignified repulsion settled on the maiden's face. "You get right out of here, Ben Tilden," she instructed. "You have wrecked my life."

"Oh, blah!" the youth said. "Blah."

"You have," said Marjorie. "You timed it. To the very second. Just to wreck my life. I love him and you know darn' well I love him and I've loved him ever since I was eleven."

"Love him!" scoffed the young man. "He wouldn't look at you."

"He would too," Marjorie objected. "Look at him. He's looking at me now. And we were just about to plight our troth when you lunged in."

"I don't believe it," Ben said flatly. "Anyway, the family won't allow it."

"Yah!" retorted Marjorie.

"We'll see," said Ben, "in just a minute now."

But it was barely thirty seconds when the door flew open once again to let the family in.

These additions to the cast, in order of appearance, were comprised of:

(1) Waldemar MacLeod MacLean, ideally fitted for the rôle of pompous papa.

(2) Marian MacLean, Aunt Marian, a tall, thin maiden lady whose acidulous expression was belied by an extremely humorous and understanding eye.

(3) Ned MacLean, Marjorie's brother, a large young man who lived in fuselages mostly.

"Hem!" Waldemar MacLean began. "Hem! Really, now, I say. What's all this folderol I hear? I mean to say it's folderol. What—what? Go straight home, Marjorie."

"I won't," his daughter indicated.

"WHAT? What? What?" her father asked. "What's that I hear?"

"She says she won't," Aunt Marian translated down to him.

"Go 'way," instructed Waldemar. "Go sit down somewhere, Marian."

"Do!" Tom found his voice and echoed with a somewhat hollow heartiness. "Do! All of you. So glad you happened to drop in."

Ben Tilden made himself the spokesman. "Sure!" he said. "Let's all sit down."

The other members of the family regarded him in unison and Ben beamed back at them. This promised, Ben's expression indicated, to be good!

"I don't quite see—" Tom began.

"I do not mind particularly being torn to pieces by the family," said Marjorie, "but I simply will not bare my soul before *that* adenoidal adolescent."

"But darn it," Ben complained, "why, I'm the one who—"

"Squealed," said Marjorie. "You squealed to Ned and Ned squealed to the family. I know!"

"Come on, Ben," Ned said. "This is no good anyway. I'll take you to the Palace, Ben. At least they got some acrobats."

"Squshy, squirmy, squeegy, little squealers," Marjorie remarked.

"I want you to know, Thomas," said Mr. MacLean, when the convention came to order, "just how greatly I deplore your present most regrettable misfortune. There is no young man—"

"He means," Aunt Marian explained, "that he thought very highly of you, Thomas. When you had it!"

"You will understand, I'm sure," the gentleman continued, "that in the present circumstances I could hardly countenance, in fact I must forbid, what this impulsive child—"

"Waldemar," Aunt Marian remarked a little wearily, "it's Sister's turn now. Marjorie, you know if I thought marrying Tom would make you happy I would not oppose it. Under any circumstances. Oh, I know! Tom's been your girlhood hero—"

"Good Lord!" Tom said.

"But," Aunt Marian continued, "that isn't really love. And, honey, what is more important, Tom does not love you."

"He might," said Marjorie, "if he'd make up his mind to it."

"The trouble is, dear," said Aunt Marian, "you never would be sure. No, never! You would always feel it might be just the money."

"Just a minute," Tom said. "No one gives me half a chance. You're simply taking it for granted that I'd marry Marjorie to get her million and you—"

"Please," said Marjorie. "Please! Stop it. All of you. I know. I've s-s-simply been a little f-f-fool."

"There, there!" Aunt Marian said and went to take her in her arms.

"A little f-f-fool," sobbed Marjorie. "I d-d-didn't mean to let him know I l-l-loved him. Aunt Marian, I thought that I could make it b-b-businesslike. A m-m-merger. And then afterwards I th-thought, I th-th-thought he m-m-might just possibly—"

"Darn it," Tom said, "no one gives a single thought to me. All you think about is Marjorie's measly million. No one seems to have the least idea that I might fall in love with her or anything."

"You h-h-haven't," Marjorie said.

"I have, dog-gone it," answered Tom. "Just how in Pete's name could I help it?"

"BUT I'd always th-th-think," said Marjorie, "that you were just pretending. Only being k-k-kind—from a s-s-sense of obligation."

"Obligation hell!" said Thomas Halliday. "I sold my holdings in the Mills two years ago. I saw this bust-up coming and I hauled out. Soaked it into bonds. I've got more dog-gone money than you ever heard of. Stop that silly bawling and come over here to me!"

"Hem, hem!" said Waldemar MacLean. "In that case, my dear boy—"

"In that case," said Aunt Marian, "I'll take you to the Palace, Waldemar. Come on. This isn't much good anyway."

"How?" Waldemar inquired. "What, what, what?"

"Come Waldemar," Aunt Marian instructed him. "Come, see the acrobats."

"Wipe yer feet before yuh come in! This ain't home, yuh know!" *George Marcoux*

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THE TWINKLE-TOE TWINS MAKE BROADWAY

PLEASE, MR HERSHBAUM, CAN'T YOU USE TWO MORE DANCERS IN YOUR SHOW?

DANCERS? DANCERS? I GO CRAZY FROM DANCERS! YOU SHOULD DANCE YOURSELF OUT THAT DOOR QUICK!

GEE, NORA, WE'LL NEVER GET ON BROADWAY

THE TWINKLETOE KIDS! OR I'M LILLIAN RUSSELL

OH LOOK! THERE'S LAURA MOORE

GOSH, LAURA, DON'T YOU KNOW WHERE A COUPLE OF GOOD DANCERS CAN GET A JOB?

WELL, GRADY'S NEW SHOW NEEDS A COUPLE OF DANCERS, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO BE FEMALE SAMSONS

YOU'VE GOT TO DO A RUSSIAN DANCE FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES STRAIGHT IN A CABARET SCENE. THEY'VE TRIED OUT 20 GIRLS SO FAR AND NONE OF THEM HAVE ANY LIFE TOWARD THE END

HOLD YOUR HAT, DORA— WE'RE GOING RUSSIAN

THIS IS IT—THE CARRYMORE THEATRE. LUCKY WE HAD OUR REHEARSAL CLOTHES WITH US. WE CAN SNEAK IN SOME DRESSING ROOM AND CHANGE

STAGE DOOR

NOW KID, IT'S EITHER SHOW SOMETHING OR BACK TO THE OLD TOWN FOR US

ROTTEN! ROTTEN! YOU GIRLS BETTER ALL GO HOME AND GET YOUR CRUTCHES!

CAN WE TRY PLEASE, MISTER?

WHERE'D YOU COME FROM? AW, GO AHEAD — YOU CAN'T MAKE ME ANY SICKER THAN I AM NOW

HEY— TAKE IT EASY! YOU CAN'T KEEP THAT UP

GREAT SNAKES! THOSE KIDS MUST HAVE BED-SPRINGS IN THEIR SHOES!

YOU WIN! YOU'RE HIRED!

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ARROW SHIRTS SANFORIZED SHRUNK

Guaranteed to fit you PERMANENTLY — or your money back

Hot Water

Continued from page 28

discover the intruder's identity. But recognizing sleepily that here was something hostile, he sprang from the bed and, alighting on the heel of an upturned shoe, spoiled any impressiveness the demonstration might have had by hopping vigorously.

Mr. Slattery was a plain, practical man, not at all inclined to waste time watching classical dances when on a business trip.

"Stick 'em up!" he said.

The implied suggestion that he was covering Packy with a gun was not based on truth. He never carried a gun on these expeditions, holding very sensibly that if you had one you might use it and that if you used it all sorts of unpleasantness might ensue. What he was pointing at Packy was the small steel implement.

BUT Packy was not concerned with the other's armory. He had recognized him now and was greeting him as an old friend.

"Mr. Slattery—or may I say Soup?—how nice of you to drop in. Neighborly, I call it."

Mr. Slattery was all confusion and apology.

"You! Say, I didn't know you were in here."

"Oh, yes, this is my little nest. Come right on in and take a seat. You're just the man I wanted to see. I was planning to come to the hotel and have a talk with you."

"I wouldn't of bust up your beauty sleep for the world," said Mr. Slattery contritely. "I've been given a wrong steer. I'm looking for the bird who's here calling himself Veecount D. Blissac."

"That's me. It's a long story. . . ."

"It's really you?"

"Yes. You see . . ."

"Say, listen," said Mr. Slattery, once more nipping the narrative in the bud.

He had seated himself on the bed, and was regarding Packy with grave reproach.

"Say, listen," he said, "you steered those cops off of me, and I owe you a lot for that. Still and all, when it comes to you horning into this joint and aiming to gum the works for me and my business associate, well, that's something else again."

Packy looked puzzled.

"I don't quite follow this."

Mr. Slattery shook his head in disapproval of this trifling.

"You can't kid me. I know why you're in this chatty-o."

"I'll bet you don't."

"Come clean," said Mr. Slattery, like a rebuking aunt. "Quit fooling. You're after that ice."

"What ice?"

"Mrs. Gedge's ice."

"Mrs. Gedge's jewels?"

"Yep."

"Nothing of the kind."

"Brother!"

"Nothing," repeated Packy, "of the kind. I want to get back a letter."

"A letter?"

"A compromising letter which a friend of mine wrote to Mrs. Gedge and which, when she returns, will be in her safe. That is the safe I want you, if you will be so good, to open for me."

Many men in Mr. Slattery's place would have rejected this story as thin. But Mr. Slattery was a movie fan and he knew all about compromising letters. He softened visibly.

"Is that the straight up-and-up?"

"It is."

"Why, then everything's fine. I naturally thought you was after that ice."

"You can have the ice."

"Boy, I'm going to do just that little thing. And when I collect it, I won't forget the important document."

Packy patted his shoulder warmly.

"Your words are music. I knew I could rely on you. I don't mind telling you that if you had failed me I should have been pretty badly stymied. You see, owing to a defective education, I couldn't even begin to open a safe myself. How do you, by the way? I've often wondered."

Mr. Slattery was delighted to lecture on his favorite theme.

"Well, there's two kinds of safe. The tough kind is the sort that's got a keester in it."

"And a keester is—?"

Mr. Slattery was no thesaurus.

"Well, hell, it's a keester. I don't know what else you'd call it. A sort of extra pete built inside the real pete."

"A kind of inner compartment?"

"That's right. When it's one of those, you're up against something. First, you've got to blow the door open to get at the keester. Then you've got to knock off the pressure bolt. Then you've got to wedge something into the top edge of the keester door. Then you've got to push in something thicker. Then you've got to plug in gauze. Then you wet the gauze with the soup and touch it off. It's no cinch, whatever way you look at it."

"So I should imagine. Let's hope Mrs. Gedge's safe is not that kind."

"Couldn't be. Not in a house. You find those in banks and that. The kind of pete a dame would have in her house would be one of the ones you borrow a hairpin to open. Or, if nobody's got a hairpin, just eat some garlic and breathe on the lock. Or, if you don't want to do that, find the combination. Where is this pete?"

"In the Venetian suite on the floor below."

"Anybody there?"

"Not at the moment."

"Then let's go down take a look at it," said Mr. Slattery. "Now's a good time to find out if it's one of those easy ones. Sure to be, though. You don't get keesters in a joint like this. Ask me, it'll be one of those four-letter combinations, and opening those is like shelling peas."

THERE is something about milady's bedroom, even when unoccupied, which tends to cast a certain awe upon the intruder. So Packy, at least, found. The Venetian room was a large, ornate apartment on the first floor of the château, with French windows which opened on a balcony looking down upon the drive. Packy, as he accompanied Mr. Slattery across the threshold, was strongly conscious of a desire to be elsewhere. He had never met Mrs. Gedge, but the picture he had formed of her in his mind was that of a tough baby. And, unreasoning though he knew it to be, he could not altogether repress a fear lest at any moment this formidable woman might suddenly bound out at them from behind the heavy curtains that draped the windows.

Fortunately, for such an occurrence could not have failed to prove a source of embarrassment, his apprehensions were not fulfilled. Great woman though she was, Mrs. Gedge could not be simultaneously at the Carlton Hotel in London and in the Venetian suite of the Château Blissac. No sudden roar, as of a tigress defending her cubs, came to break the stillness. Mr. Slattery was enabled to conduct his investigations undisturbed.

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The result of these evidently gratified him. He inspected the safe and smiled amiably. It was, it appeared, as he had foreseen, one of the easier, more likable types of safe. He also spoke with cordial approval of the French windows and the balcony, which, he pointed out in the devout voice in which men call attention to the benevolent acts of Providence, might have been placed there expressly to afford the cracksman a nice, smooth getaway.

And it was at this point, just when everything was going so capitally and the whole atmosphere was so redolent of quiet contentment, that the jarring note intruded itself. For some moments, Mr. Slattery had been glancing idly about the room, and now, abruptly, something in its aspect seemed to wipe the genial satisfaction from his face. He stiffened, and his eyes grew wider. It was as if he had seen a serpent in the way.

"But this is a woman's room!"

HE SPOKE in a hoarse, agitated whisper, lowering his powerful voice to such an extent that it sounded like gas escaping from a leaky pipe. Packy replied calmly, paying no attention to these portents.

"That's right. Mrs. Gedge's."

Mr. Slattery shivered.

"Brother," he said, much moved, "I hate to break it to you, but if that's so the proposition's cold. I can't do it."

"What!"

"No, sir," said Mr. Slattery, apologetically but with the utmost firmness, "I just can't do it. You don't get me busting no woman's room."

Packy gasped, aghast at this unforeseen exhibition of temperament in one on whom he had looked till now as the most level-headed of his sex.

"Why not?"

"Because," said Mr. Slattery, "you bust a woman's room and what happens? She wakes up and gets set to scream. And what happens then? You either have to do a Brodie out of the window and prob'ly break your damn' neck, or else you've got to go and choke her. I never choked no woman yet, boy, and I don't aim to begin."

The sentiment was one which would have caused Sir Galahad or the Chevalier Bayard to shake hands warmly with Mr. Slattery, so instinct was it with the best spirit of chivalry. One dislikes to have to state, therefore, that it awoke in Packy only a disgusted exasperation.

"But, good Lord, you must have had to burgle a woman's room occasionally in the course of your distinguished career. How long have you been cracking safes?"

"Years and years."

"Well, then."

"No," said Mr. Slattery. "You see, brother, up till a few years back I've always worked with a partner. The best inside worker a safe-blower ever had. Julia her name was, and she's quit me now, but in the old days we were a team."

"I don't see what Julia has to do with it."

"She used to get herself invited to these swell homes," explained Mr. Slattery. "Having class. And if the pete was in a dame's room she'd slip in before I got there and put a sponge of chloroform under her nose, so that by the time I arrived everything was hotsy-totsy. Boy, you don't know how I've missed Julia since she walked out on me. I've felt like a little child without its mother."

"Then you won't get that letter for me?"

"I can't. Say, whose letter is it, anyway?"

"Senator Opal's."

"No." Mr. Slattery shook his head regretfully. "If it had been yours, maybe I might have stretched a point. But I don't go busting no beazel's rooms for any Senator Opal."

"And those jewels? You're really going to pass them up?"

"Don't talk of them," begged Mr. Slattery. "Just to think of them gives me a pain. But there it is. I'm sorry." His face lightened. "But, say, listen. You fix it so's Gedge sleeps in here, and the deal's on again."

The implication that he was in a position to dictate their sleeping arrangements to his host and hostess increased Packy's annoyance.

"And how do you suggest that I do that?"

"Well," said Mr. Slattery, "I don't see where it's so difficult. Here's this pete, full of ice. Just being there, it makes it dangerous for a dame to sleep in the room. You tell this Gedge dame she's apt to get her head pushed in one of these nights if she goes on laying with it up against a pete full of stuff, and she'll see it. If she's like most dames."

"From what I hear, she isn't."

"Well, I guess she's like enough to make her feel that if there's going to be a murder in the home she'd rather it was the old man than her. You put it to her, boy. You go to her and say, 'Lookut, Mrs. Gedge, it ain't safe for you, sleeping in that room with all that ice. First thing you know, some heist-guy'll be busting the joint, and then where'll you be? Getting your head pushed in or lying there with your throat cut, that's where you'll be. You snap out of that room, Mrs. Gedge,' you say, 'and let your old man sleep there, or before you know where you are X'll be marking the spot.' That'll shift her."

Packy weighed the advice thoughtfully.

"Well, I'll think it over," he said.

"You do," said Mr. Slattery. "You go back to bed and think it over. Me, I sorta guess, now I'm in the joint, I'll take a look around. Folks sometimes leave gold clocks and other little things on the dressing-table."

It was plain to Packy that no arguments would move Mr. Slattery from the position he had outlined. So he bade him good night and passed on his way upstairs.

It seemed to him after he had been in bed some ten minutes that the silence of the château was broken by a distant shout or cry, but he was too sleepy to give it his attention. He closed his eyes again and dropped off.

ONE of the things one always wants to know about a house party is what sort of a night everybody had. As regards the Château Blissac, the slumbers of the great majority of its inmates had been entirely satisfactory. Mr. Gedge had slept well. Packy had slept well. Senator Opal had slept well. Jane had slept well. Miss Putnam had slept well. Medway had slept well. Blair Eggleston had slept well.

Only Mr. Gordon Carlisle had failed to rest adequately. Much thinking, rendering him feverish, had caused him to turn and toss till an advanced hour, and when he did succeed in achieving a doze he was jerked out of it by that same shout or cry which had momentarily disturbed Packy. Speculation on this had made him wakeful again. It was not till dawn that he finally fell asleep, and it was scarcely two hours later when sunlight, streaming in through the window across which he had forgotten to draw the curtain, brought him to life once more.

His idea, on getting out of bed, had been to exclude this sunlight. But, finding himself at the open window, he leaned out, like everybody else who

(Continued on page 46)

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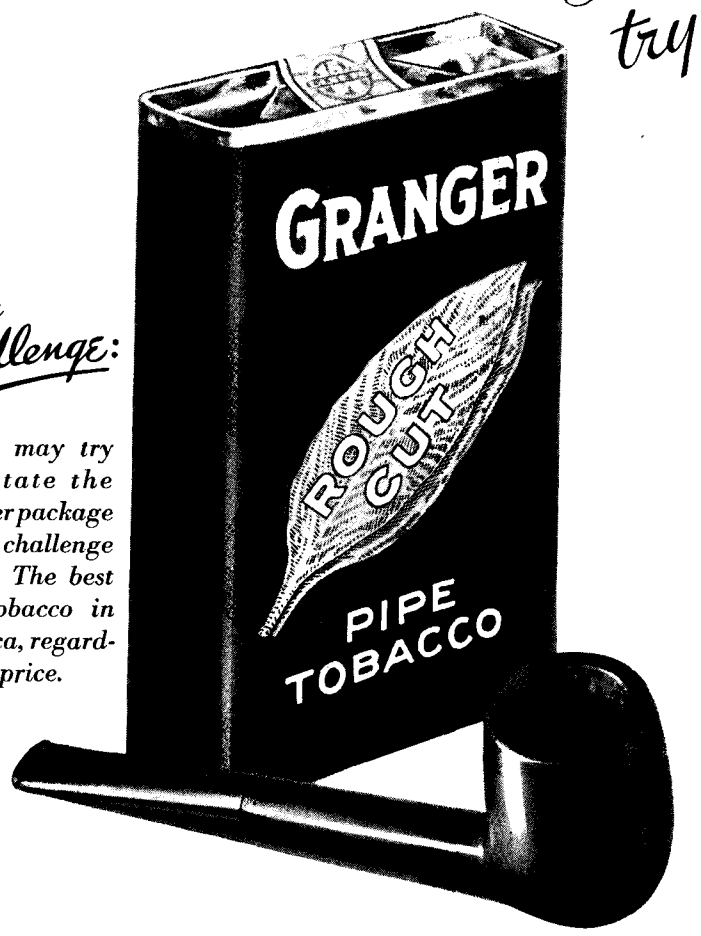

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(Continued from page 45)

ever approached an open window in the early morning, to see what kind of a day it was.

From where he stood, on the second floor of the house, the view was spreading and attractive. His window did not command that distant prospect of the harbor which was the château's pride, but there were plenty of good things to make up for this deprivation. Gardens, gay with flowers, lay before Mr. Carlisle, and beyond them woods and the Breton quaintness of the home farm; while above him, as he raised his eyes, there was a blue sky, flecked with little clouds; a few of the local birds going about their business; an insect or two; a couple of butterflies; and a pair of legs incased in gray trousers and terminating in two shoes of generous dimensions.

IT WAS these last that enchained his attention. The spectacle of legs where no legs should be is always an arresting one. Mr. Carlisle, drinking them in, was frankly nonplused. Rapidly running over in his mind the topography of the house, he discovered that their owner, if they had an owner and were not simply a stray pair of legs which had just been left about, must be sitting on the windowsill of the bedroom occupied by Senator Opal.

Only by going out and looking up from a less acute angle could Mr. Carlisle hope to probe this mystery. Taking a snap judgment on the evidence at present to hand, he presumed that the sitter must be the senator himself.

Only when he reached the garden did he discover that his reasoning had been faulty. Senator Opal might be temperamentally of windowsill-sitting timber. Quite possibly the day would come when he would take to sitting on windowsills. But he had not done so yet. The man on whom Mr. Carlisle's astonished gaze rested was his old friend, Soup Slattery. And as he espied Mr. Slattery, simultaneously Mr. Slattery espied him.

There followed one of those awkward periods which occur when a man who is compelled to confine himself entirely to grimaces is endeavoring to convey his thoughts to a second party who is so overcome with amazement that he would scarcely be in a position to understand the plainest speech. Mr. Slattery contorted his features. Mr. Carlisle continued to gape. It was only at the end of about five minutes, just after Mr. Slattery had nearly dislocated his lower jaw in a particularly eloquent passage, that the marveling confidence-trick artist realized that what his friend was silently appealing for was a ladder.

Raising his hand in a sort of Fascist salute and nodding vigorously several times, he proceeded in quest of the desired object.

A ladder is not one of those things you can just reach out and lay your hand on. Mr. Carlisle had to search thoroughly and well. Eventually he discovered one outside a distant shed, only to find that it was too heavy for him to carry. Returning with the distasteful task before him of explaining this misfortune in dumb show, he received another shock.

The windowsill, which ten minutes before had featured Mr. Slattery so prominently, was now empty.

Gordon Carlisle paused on the brink of believing in miracles. The only theory that seemed to fit the facts was that his friend had suddenly soared through the air like a bird. He could not have fallen, for the only corpse on the ground below was that of a small snail.

Then, just in time to save his reason from collapse, Mr. Carlisle observed the stout water pipe which ran down the wall near the window. And, putting two and two together, he deduced that in the interval of his absence Mr. Slattery must have discovered this pipe. The fact that he had not done so earlier appeared to indicate that he had taken to the windowsill while the world was still in darkness. And that was perplexing, too, when you came to look into it. Mr. Carlisle's reason, saved once from disintegration, began to wobble again.

Fortunately for his professional future, for a confidence-trick artist cannot hope to continue in a keenly competitive business if his brain has come unstuck, something now occurred which threw a light on the matter. The window opened, and Senator Opal appeared. He was wearing orange-colored pajamas and a revolver, and on his face was a look of wonder and bafflement.

Sighting Mr. Carlisle below, he sought information in a voice of thunder.

"You, down below there . . . You, Duke . . . Have you seen my burglar?"

Mr. Carlisle perceived that it behooved him to pull himself together.

"*Ah, non*," he replied, in that musical accent which went with his portrayal of the Duc de Pont-Andemer. "I have this moment only arrived."

"Did you see anyone sitting on my windowsill?"

"No. No. On the windowsill, no one."

"Hell!" cried the senator.

From a window to the left the head of Mr. Gedge appeared.

"What's the matter?"

"I've lost a burglar."

"Where did you see him last?" asked Mr. Gedge.

Before the senator could reply to this pertinent question, a window on the right revealed the wondering face of Jane. She looked charming in a blue negligee.

"Whatever is the matter, Father?"

"I left a burglar on the windowsill, and he's gone," said the senator, rather in the manner of a householder complaining of the loss of a bottle of milk. "I found the fellow in my room last night and I wasn't going to lose my sleep calling up the police, so I made him sit on the windowsill, intending to collect him in the morning."

"You must have been dreaming."

"I was not dreaming."

"I never heard of such a thing," said Jane primly. "Putting burglars on windowsills."

"Well, you've heard of it now."

"Why didn't you simply . . . ?"

"I've told you why I didn't simply. Do you think I was going to lose my night's rest just because a blasted burglar came into my room?"

MR. CARLISLE intruded on this family jar.

"I think the man must have made his descent by the water pipe."

"Water pipe?" The senator gaped, aghast. "You don't mean there's a . . . Oh, Lord! There is. It was so dark I didn't see it."

"Serves you right," observed Jane, who, womanlike, intended to have the last word if it took all summer, "for being such a smarty. It will be a lesson to you."

She gave him a severe look and withdrew, closing the window behind her. She was a kind-hearted girl, but, like every modern girl, she did not believe in being foolishly indulgent with parents.

"She's quite right," said Mr. Gedge, protruding from his window like a snail out of its shell. "Yes, sir, the girl's absolutely right. Should have thought a man would have had more sense."

Mr. Gedge, as has been indicated earlier in this narrative, was not without a certain native shrewdness, and it had just occurred to him that here, sent by Providence, was a most admirable opportunity for intensifying and consolidating the hostility which this snorting man already felt toward him. The madder, he argued, he made Senator Opal, the firmer would become the latter's already firm resolve to do all that lay in his power to see that he, J. Wellington Gedge, was not appointed to the post of ambassador to France.

Pleasantly aware that they were a long distance apart and that there was no chance of the other getting at him, he proceeded to give his views at considerable length. It was like calling a man down over the telephone, and Mr. Gedge had always been a very lion over the telephone.

He spoke, accordingly, forcefully and well. And the debate was at its height when Packy, disturbed by these voices, put on his dressing-gown and came down to see what it was all about.

He could make nothing of the affair. An argument of some kind appeared to be in progress between his host and Senator Opal, but as they were talking simultaneously at the extreme limit of their lungs it was not easy to follow thrust and counter-thrust. He turned to the Duc de Pont-Andemer as an intelligent bystander.

"What seems to be the trouble?" he asked.

He was surprised to note that his companion, on whom a moment before he had been looking as the one safe-and-sane unit in what had all the appearance of being a rally of lunatics, was staring at him in a manner that struck his critical sense as definitely goofy. Packy knew that he was not beautiful—he never was till he had shaved—but he could not understand what there was about him to cause this normally unruffled aristocrat to goggle at him with this odd expression of horror.

MR. CARLISLE could have explained, but he did not do so. Instead, he turned sharply and hurried without a word on the long trail which went winding to the Hôtel des Étrangers. It seemed to him imperative that he should have immediate speech with Soup Slattery.

What had startled Mr. Carlisle in Packy's appearance was the fact that it was unblemished. That cry in the night had convinced him that Mr. Slattery, carrying on according to plan, had invaded the other's boudoir and put it across him in his own inimitable manner. And here the fellow was, as good as new. Not so much as a black eye.

It was with the utmost consternation that Gordon Carlisle charged into the hotel. He finally succeeded in running his quarry to earth in the main dining-room, where Mr. Slattery, peckish after his night in the open, was restoring himself with a bite of breakfast.

Mr. Carlisle regarded his friend feverishly. Questions rained from him. But when the other finally spoke, it was not to reply to any of these but merely to put into words a dream, a sort of opalescent vision, which had come to him in the silent watches of the night.

"All I ask," said Mr. Slattery, with feeling, "is that some day—I don't care when it is—just some day—I meet that white-haired bird down a dark alley with no cops in sight."

A shudder of reminiscent horror passed through him.

"Putting a fellow out on a windowsill!" he continued with growing vehemence. "I ask you, is that nice? Cheese! And me scared of heights ever since a girl I knew betted me I wouldn't lean over the edge of the Woolworth Building and spit into Broadway. If I get over this by the time I'm a hundred, it'll be soon."

"But how . . . ?"

"I'll tell you how. Me, snooping

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around that chatty-o, seeing wasn't there something I could pick up, and there's this door with someone sawing wood behind it, and I twist the handle and it ain't locked. 'Swell,' I think to myself, and I give it a pull, and what do you know? The damn' thing squeals like putting on the brakes in a second-hand flivver, and the next thing there's this white-haired bird pulling a rod on me and telling me to close the door gently and walk to the window.

"Well, hell! If I don't do like he says, I see it's a case of writing my own tombstone. You can't do nothing when a guy's sticking the heat on you. That rod looks like it's due to go off if there's any funny business. So I walk to the window. And the next thing I know, I'm sitting outside of it, and the guy's closed the shutters. A coupla centuries after that you come up, and after you're gone I see that pipe and slide down it. And I want to tell you," said Mr. Slattery, "that I wouldn't have my worst enemy slide down no pipes."

A more sympathetic heart than that of Mr. Carlisle would have been moved by this recital. Gordon Carlisle did not even click his tongue.

"But what about the bird who's pretending to be the Vicomte de Blissac?"

Soup Slattery spread marmalade on toast and snapped at it like a rising fish.

"Oh, him? He's all right."

"All right?"

"Old buddy of mine," explained Mr. Slattery. "He's not after that ice. All he wants, he tells me, is some letter or other that this Gedge dame's got. One of those copperising letters."

(To be continued next week)

Your Face in the Sun

Continued from page 11

blondes with golden skins and brown eyes. If you've done it before and will do it again, pin your faith to a big bottle of sunburn oil that hastens the process and keeps your skin soft and smooth while it's going on.

But the sea isn't the only vacation goal. There are mountains, lakes, woods—the sporty holiday that centers round saddles, rackets and golf clubs rather than bathing caps. Here you may get the biting winds of high altitudes, the dust of the round-up, the hard water you don't find at home. For winds you need protection—don't forget that thick luscious cream if you don't want to tan, or a weatherproof foundation to prevent parching even while letting the sun through. For skin that gives trouble after unaccustomed exercise, try rubbing in a good hand lotion.

But some of us plan to take our vacations on the move—motoring. Here the main facial duty is concerned with cleansing, just as it is when traveling by train. A general rule approved by specialists André has visited prescribes a light cream for the normal skin, followed by a lotion to get it and its attendant grime off the map, after which comes a foundation cream by day and en emollient at night. The oily skin can use soap or a liquid greaseless cleanser, with astringent at night to close the pores and a liquid powder base by day. The dry skin does best with an oil-base cleanser or a cleansing skin tonic followed by one of the so-called heavy nourishing creams at bedtime. By day, tonic follows the cleanser, then a light foundation cream is applied and make-up immediately after.

But no woman—beaching, cruising, motoring or train-tripping to the big city—will want to start out until she knows the latest news about make-up. Powders are no longer either the ancient pink and white or the late but not lamented dusky shade. They're warm, rather than cold or hot. Rouges are certainly back, and André says they're a whole study in themselves. Lipsticks are more important and more varied than ever. Eye make-up is steeply in the ascendant.

There's no trick in putting on the new powders, except that the lighter and fluffier the puff, the smarter the effect. As for rouge, cream or dry, it must be correctly placed if we decide to use it. Apply it along the cheek bone, beginning below the center of the eye and following back to the temple, blending out and up. The narrow or average face keeps it farther toward the ears and the broad face reverses the rule. Then powder goes on, which the truly fastidious follow with just a touch of dry rouge in a slightly softer tone. Lipstick must match the undertone color absolutely.

Eye make-up is really only a couple of years old as an American pastime, though André's friends in Europe have always used it. No brow plucking is permitted, unless there are stray, unsightly hairs. We should leave our brows alone except for brushing, unless we find them more effective after a slight lengthening at the outer ends with pencil.

But the matter of shadow engrosses us. The old idea of blue eye shadow with blue eyes, brown with brown and green with green is kindergarten stuff. We experiment with bronze, chestnut, bright and azure blues, different shades of green.

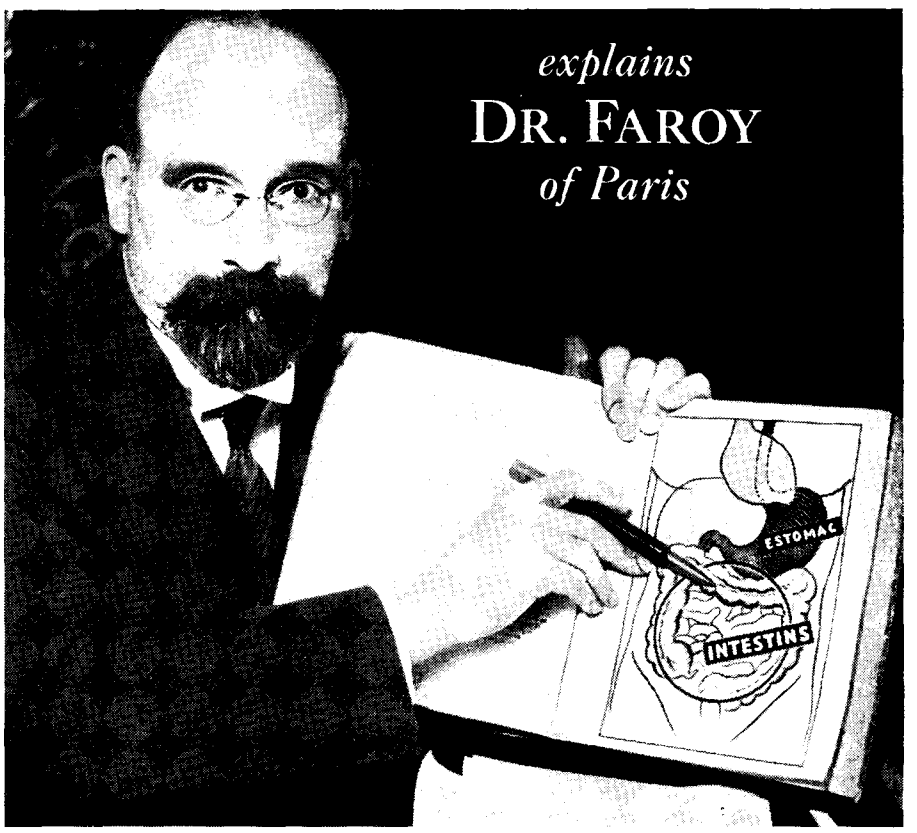
It goes without saying that any woman is safer if she gets an expert to give her a lesson or two. If she can't or won't do this, she must proceed on tiptoe, and her dressing-table lighting both by day and by night must be vivid to the verge of cruelty.

Pack Up Your Beauty Kit

As her hands ply their business with exquisite deftness and precision, she's sure to think about her nails, and André's lovely hands are an inspiration. This year's polishes are less apt to suggest fingers caught in a door. Shades have modified and much attention is being paid to the idea of echoing the skin tone in rosy glitter for the pink-and-white type and coral versions for the brunette.

In conclusion André advises us to be sure our cleansing tissues are soft and fine; coarse tissue may cause irritations and eruptions. We should also give a thought to the convenient new packages of absorbent cotton. If we go in for tanning, we must be sure we have enough shades of powder, rouge, lipstick and what-not to take care of our color schemes as they deepen. And we should all consider the purchase of a couple of good atomizers. Today they're used not only for perfume, toilet water and the increasingly popular eau de Cologne but for body lotions, hair lotions, face lotions. Powder atomizers are something new—talcum powder or dusting powder for all-over use, face powder for neck and back, so hard to reach in a pre-evening rush. . . . The luggage people were beginning to worry because we carried fewer and fewer clothes for our holidays. But if we take André's advice as to the size of our beauty kit, they'll have every reason to feel better.

"Coated Tongue... that's a sign of self-poisoning"



"In such cases I advise yeast,*" *says this authority*

THAT white, coated tongue of yours! It's a signal of bodily distress. *Heed it!*

That's the advice leading doctors—including world-famous medical authorities—are now giving.

For instance—here is the statement of Dr. Georges Faroy, head of the department for internal diseases in the Hôpital Beaujon, Paris. Dr. Faroy is the author of the famous "Digestive Therapeutics (1928)." He says:—

What Dr. Faroy says

"Poisons that collect in the intestines undermine health . . . Headaches, coated tongue, indigestion and general loss of vitality are symptoms.

"I advise people suffering from these ailments to avoid cathartics and harsh laxatives. I know no safer means for overcoming constipation than fresh yeast.

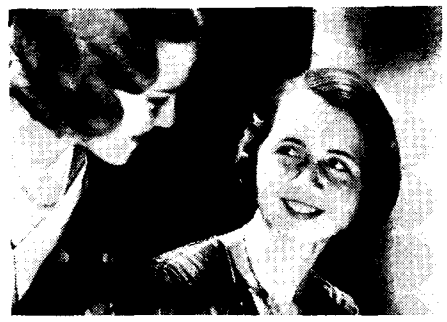
"Yeast keeps the intestines clean and healthy . . . stimulates the flow of gastric juices, aids digestion and renews appetite and strength. It is an excellent tonic."

DR. STRASSER, head of a well-known Austrian sanatorium, states: "Fresh yeast has a revitalizing effect." DR. WEICKSEL, Leipzig, Germany, says: "Fresh yeast increases secretion of gastric juices . . . purifies."

If you would like to "tone up" your system—to keep it free of the poisons that lead to coated tongue, bad breath, bad skin, etc., try Fleischmann's Yeast!

Just eat it regularly, like any other food—3 cakes every day. Eat it before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or dissolved in water (a third of a glass).

Why don't you try it? You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains.



"My experience proves to me that what doctors say is right," *writes* Ethel A. Anderson, *of New York*. "I often had headaches. My system was sluggish . . . I began eating three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day. Now I have no headaches. My strength came back. I never felt better!"

*Important

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Now or Never

Continued from page 9

candidates are unable to interpret them.

We have come to the end of that. I ask of my own party that it shall not waste its time denouncing its opponent. The people are not and should not be interested in who is to blame further than to refuse to place confidence in the guilty. Our great interest, perhaps our only important interest, now is to retrieve our fortunes. Let us be about that.

Demand then that these delegates write a clear, brief, unequivocal platform. There must be no bunk, no denunciation, no recriminations. Our business is to set forth a constructive program of what we propose to do. And then nominate a man whose courage, sincerity, leadership and independence are more than puffed-up reputation—are demonstrable.

The Ideal Platform

Let us nominate a man whose record in and out of office is a guaranty that he will not be swerved from our pledges by party expediency, class-consciousness or fear of organized minority reprisals. Then let us elect a Congress that will support him.

Let us demand that this platform be so written that every man and woman in the country can read it and understand it. Let it be short, sparing of words, innocent of those time-worn phrasings that were designed to confuse and be ambiguous. The ideal platform would be so crisp, so frank, so brief that it might be printed in its entirety in large letters upon a billboard.

Let us stand out boldly, clearly, without camouflage or verbosity. My party is as much a part of me as my religion; but my party must survive or perish in this election. We Democrats ourselves are to blame. If we perish as an organization, it will be our fault. If we fail, let us do it courageously. Let us strive for the respect that humanity holds for brave men.

This country wants no fascism, communism, sovietism or governmental collectivism. Our system of democracy offers all that man has the right to ask; but our system is no stronger than we, its subscribers, its supporters, its children. No form of government is.

I demand such a platform of my party, and such a man to stand upon it. Alone, the strongest man can fail. The fight is ours, not his nor a political party's.

The platform I would write, were it my privilege, would not avoid a single fundamental issue; and yet it would not go groping off into bypaths. Under a single, succinct pledge for economy and efficiency in government comes naturally a determination for economic and government planning and reorganization. Why confuse the already perplexed mind of the electorate with fussy and vague references to Federal Reserve Policy, monetary standards that may have to be abandoned, and Restoration of Confidence—in itself a meaningless phrase?

One dollar out of every four we earn—when we are earning—goes to the two hundred and fifty thousand tax-collecting and tax-spending agencies in this country. That preposterous machine is geared to spend more than fifteen billions a year for national and local government that, having stumbled and fallen, is too top-heavy to rise.

Ordinary taxation is insufficient to feed the monster and extraordinary taxation is not collectible. Why not reduce the brute to manageable proportions? To say it can't be done is untrue. It isn't done because of the selfishness and greed of politicians and political machines. Reorganize it; reorganize them.

Eighteen million of us are being supported in Federal and local office by the rest of us. And such is the power of the political machine that the eighteen million defy us. You who were not so fortunate as to hold political posts when the crash came may demand that this absurdity be revised down to sanity.

Pledges merely to rewrite the tariff are empty. We have a tariff bill—one dictated by the stupid avarice of a class. Rewriting it has the virtue of being a pretty gesture. But merely lowering or rearranging schedules and rates is no remedy against the reprisals that Europe and South America have made in reply. We are faced by the embargoes of resentful foreign governments and the closed gates of the ports of other countries. Let us demand a determined pledge to call an international tariff conference. We, like them, must make concessions. They are suffering too, and their people, like us, are unemployed, jobless.

Prohibition. Its solution is to be found only by a direct vote of the people. If the people want prohibition they should have it. If we are weary of the experiment, let the people, by direct vote, say so. A law, any law, is no stronger than public sentiment. Any law that overrules the popular will is undemocratic, un-American, dangerous.

I would urge a quick amendment to the Constitution to provide for a popular vote and then bind my party to submit, as quickly as possible, the question to the people.

To submit to the legislatures the question of amending the Constitution or repealing an amendment is not a fair test of the popular will. As a rule, legislators will have been elected on other issues; their constituencies will not have had the opportunity to instruct them on this specific and very important measure. Here organized minorities may readily defeat the popular but unorganized will.

I am urging, therefore, the following amendment to our Federal Constitution:

"The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose an amendment or amendments to, or the repeal of, Article XVIII of the Amendments to this Constitution or to *any future amendment or amendments thereof*, which shall be valid to all intents and purposes as part of this Constitution when ratified at an election to be held in each of the several states *on a certain day designated by Congress* by a majority of the electors therein in three fourths of the several states."

Try It in December

Such an amendment might well be submitted to the states next December. In January the legislatures of thirty-eight states meet in regular session. Those that do not might readily be called into special session. The most radical prohibitionist may not justly oppose the right of the people to vote, however active he may be in opposing the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Our Federal income tax base can be broadened and taxes collected, even though small, from those able to pay. This will have the virtue of stimulating broader interest in government and a consequent responsiveness and demand for greater care and efficiency in the expenditures of our tax dollars. For this emergency we should reduce the personal exemption within practical limits to reach a much greater proportion of our citizens. Levy sternly upon unearned incomes, if you will. Take generously of inheritances. Make our surtaxes stiff ones.

Our current plight is not so tragic that the ridiculous is not apparent. In our granaries, our fields and our warehouses lies sufficient food to fill the stomachs of the world—yet we behold hunger, even starvation, around us.

Organized charity has exhausted its resources. States and cities have reached their limit of appropriations for relief. The Federal government is being goaded into adopting a rescue plan. It requires little imagination to foresee the early day when, unless prosperity is recaptured, the Federal government's resources shall have vanished.

Heroic Measures

In this crisis, why should not our excess of food—food that we cannot sell in foreign markets that are no longer open to us—why should not this food be transported, for charitable purposes only, by our Federal government to the hungry? Why may it not be transported by the railroads which have been the beneficiaries of our Reconstruction Finance Corporation, giving them credit against the moneys they have borrowed?

The equalization fee, accompanied by tariff understandings instead of tariff wars, promises relief for the farmer. The equalization fee is not a government subsidy. It is financed mainly by the farmer himself to equalize prices here and abroad. Furthermore, we may protect the price of staple grains and cotton by prohibiting bear raids and limiting short selling of commodities. Our economic system cannot survive the ruin of the farmer in whom we have invested fifty-eight billion dollars. More than half our population is, under our present system, directly or indirectly dependent upon the health of agriculture.

Demand of these delegates that they invite the other nations to adopt with us ways and means to stop tariff wars and reprisals. That party and that platform which looks backward and mourns what used to be will be rejected. Insist that your party speak clearly, intelligently and directly to you, the common voter. See to it that it does not fawn upon organized minorities whose vengeance it does not dare provoke.

In the lifetime of the present electorate there has been no such crisis, none of such magnitude. We shall win only if our leaders lead courageously. Your leaders and their platforms will be bold only as you upon whom they depend are bold.

This is your business. This is your government. Your future and the future of your children are involved. The Democratic party must not fail to recognize this and act accordingly or you will say your salvation does not lie in its hands. It must rise above those parochialisms and all narrow interests or it may not honestly ask for your support. It is within my party's power now to prove that its fundamental principles are, as I believe they are, the only true tenets of honest democracy. You who are more American than either Democratic or Republican must insist that these delegates be like you.

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Born to Sing

Continued from page 15

never regret my decision, sauntered out of my life. He had wealth, he was kind, considerate, and he loved me. Yet—I could not have done otherwise. I was born to sing.

The fading of The Bostonians after I left them was not due to my absence. But in releasing me they indicated what so many within the theater already knew—that they lacked the new progressive spirit that was then entering stage methods and presentations. My going was a mere symptom of decay, not an artistic loss to the company. But they had built me up to a star's dimensions until I, receiving fifty dollars a week, was getting as much if not more publicity than Davis, who was getting six hundred, and Clark, whose weekly salary was two hundred and fifty. Surely it was poor business for them to refuse to retain much-needed new blood when it would have cost them only a hundred dollars more.

Music to Boot

It was due largely to Victor Herbert that I was so independent. My success in The Serenade prompted him to write another light opera for me—The Fortune Teller—which was to open in Toronto preparatory to coming to New York.

To be sure, the young organization—the Alice Nielsen Comic Opera Company—lacked The Bostonians' traditions. Thank heaven, it did not have their exclusiveness, their clannishness. But it had fire; it was sparkling in its singing and humor. Paul Steindorff was our conductor, and there was never a more competent one. Singing with me were Lucille Saunders, Marguerite Sylva, Eugene Cowles, Richard Ling, Frank Rushworth, Dick Golden, Joe Herbert, Jack Slavin and, presently, an enduring genius whom we found lifting provincial audiences high out of their opera-house seats—Joe Cawthorn, unquestionably one of the most talented gentlemen the stage has ever produced. We fetched him to New York with us at a salary of a hundred and fifty dollars a week, which was precisely what I was getting, except that I was to share in the net profits—when such happy circumstance occurred.

The rare genius of Victor Herbert had us doing things that seemed impossible. He was never at a loss. For example, there was the scene where I was to leave the stage singing, change my costume still singing and reappear in a huzzar's red uniform to join Richard Ling in a duet. But there just wasn't time for the change. Try as I might, there wasn't time. My maid did everything but yank me out of my skin in her efforts to get me out of skirts and into tights—but there wasn't time. Then, at the dress rehearsal, I rebelled. I made my reappearance on the stage fully garbed with the exception of one shining boot, which I carried in my hand.

"See here, Victor," I cried, "I've reduced my time ten seconds—down to one boot. I can't do it any quicker. I've tried until my hips are out of joint. I've got to have time to get this boot on."

"For heaven's sake, go on with the rehearsal," roared Victor. "Why bother with such trivial details? Here," he addressed Steindorff, "hand me that score. There. There's your damned boot."

Almost as swiftly as I tell it, he had written fourteen extra bars into the score of The Fortune Teller. They gave me time to get the boot on.

There was to be more than a year of huge success in Herbert's music and then there were to come circumstances wherein I had to decide which way I was going. I think, perhaps, that I have convinced you that to sing was my great ambition. Nothing else mattered. Money? Oh, yes; but dearer to me were the praises of the public. I never lost that enthusiasm for song that kept me warm in the snow of the streets of Kansas City. I was the fabled grasshopper; I had no thought of tomorrows. Let me sing today and I was happy. Pay me for it, but I was no happier. Money went—pouf!—like that; but the echoes of applause never ceased. This, then, was my guiding star; call it egotism, frivolity, unpracticality or what you choose.

Life to me was a sort of crazy magic. All that I had to do was to open my mouth, utter a few notes and dollars fell into my hands. That there might be other fortune in the days to come was unthinkable—if to be thought of at all. Anyway the sun was shining for me then; why should it not shine forever? That, my friends, is youth.

But there was no definite plan in my mind. I was merely a child of fortune—a favorite child to whom fortune was lavishly indulgent. Go to England with The Singing Girl? Of course I would go to England. Why not? I would go to Nova Zembla, or Johannesburg, or the middle of the Persian Gulf to sing The Singing Girl or anything else. After England what? Who cared? Not I.

And so the Alice Nielsen Comic Opera Company sailed for London. It was a somewhat changed company. The personnel was pretty much the same, although Paul Steindorff had left; but in the minds of everyone except me there lurked a growing apprehension: Tom Williams, our backer, had withdrawn. Tom had made a point of demanding that I quit and return to California with him. I couldn't. I was born to sing. Tom wanted me to marry him, quit the stage and call it a career.

The Great Duse

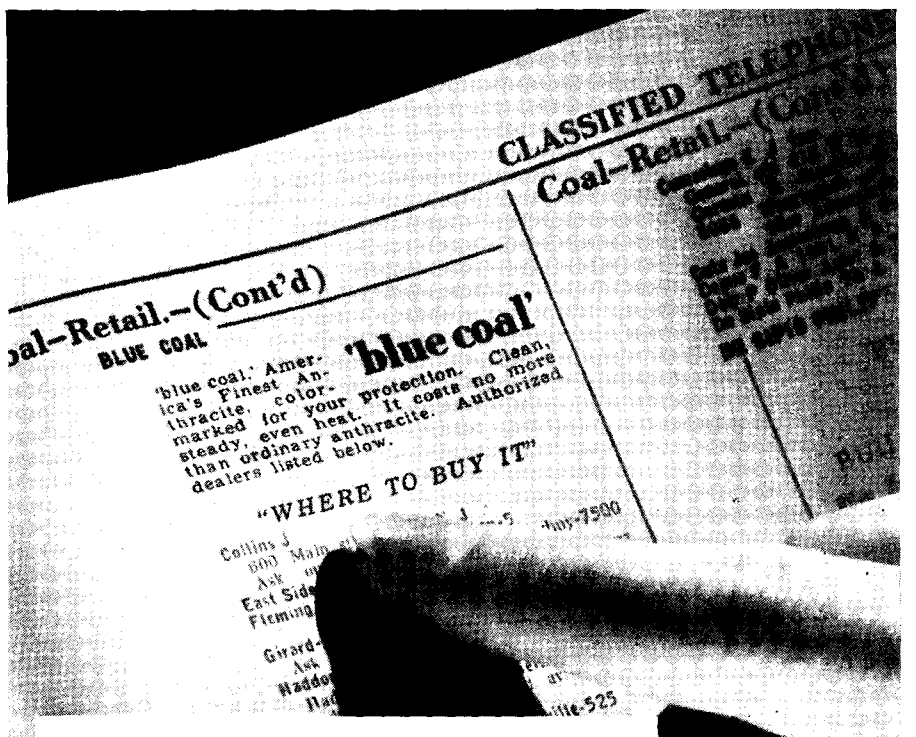
"What else can you have, Alice?" he asked. "There is the Alice Nielsen shoe, with its wide tie and colored heel. There is the Alice Nielsen coiffure that everybody is trying to affect. You have sung to audiences which had to buy their tickets twelve weeks in advance. Horses, gowns, babies and theaters have been named after you. Yes, I have seen jockeys swapping ten cigarette picture cards of other celebrities for one Alice Nielsen. You can't have more than that. Come on to California with me and enjoy life at home."

"I'm sorry, Tom," I said. "Maybe I'll regret it. But I can't quit now. I'd feel cheated. The time would come when I'd regret it. I want to sing."

"Very well, Alice," he said. "If you can't quit now, I can. Good-by."

Thus we went to London, on our own. And I was not to come back until, after success and failure, I was to sing grand opera. I was to become the intimate friend of the greatest artist I have ever seen—Duse. I was to choose between the soft luxury of a palace and the dazzle of opera-house lights, the drag of nightly jumps in sleeping cars and the uncertainty of an ever-changing public. I chose the latter. I was born to sing.

Miss Nielsen will continue her story in next week's Collier's.



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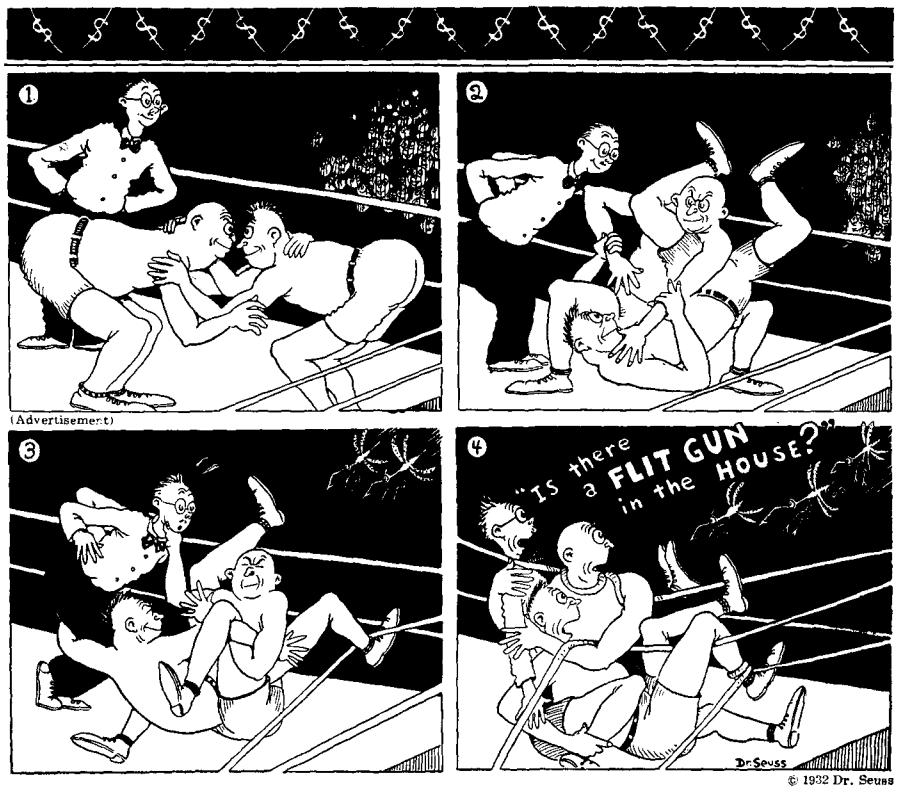

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calling the turn

THE record of the last three years doesn't read much like the optimistic prophecies we heard and made. Hindsight has not revealed what foresight promised. We were too sanguine three years ago. We don't have to err at the other extreme now.

The man who thinks that this country won't throw off the lethargy which now restrains our energies simply does not understand what is going on.

We face no problem we are not able easily to solve. Take any issue which we confront. You find differences of opinion concerning the best solution and clashes of interest but no lack of ability. Without moving from your chair you can name or recognize ten men easily able to find the right answer.

Is it credit expansion which bothers? Already that problem is being worked out and worked out rationally despite the muddleheadedness reflected in Congress and elsewhere.

Are we troubled about the breakdown of prohibition and all the evils which spring from this bit of anarchy? No reason for pessimism there. We are closer to a new settlement of this issue than you might imagine. Another two or three years and the present bootleg era will seem as much a part of the historic past as the World War or General Grant. Before we know we shall be listening to quaint stories of these droll speakeasy days.

No one, surely, can imagine that unemployment is an unanswerable riddle. Unemployment is no harder to deal with than fires or automobile accidents and probably no more costly. Right now the thinking is being done, insurance actuaries are working out the arithmetic, and plans are being written, so that the moment we are ready we can go ahead.

Don't imagine that the farm problem is too big or too complex for our minds. It is a safe guess that any Congress resolutely determined to find a lasting remedy for agricultural distress could summon a group well able in a comparatively brief period to present a satisfactory program.

Surely nobody imagines that inventors have lost their initiative, scientists their technical competence, managers their executive force or the American people their productive energy?

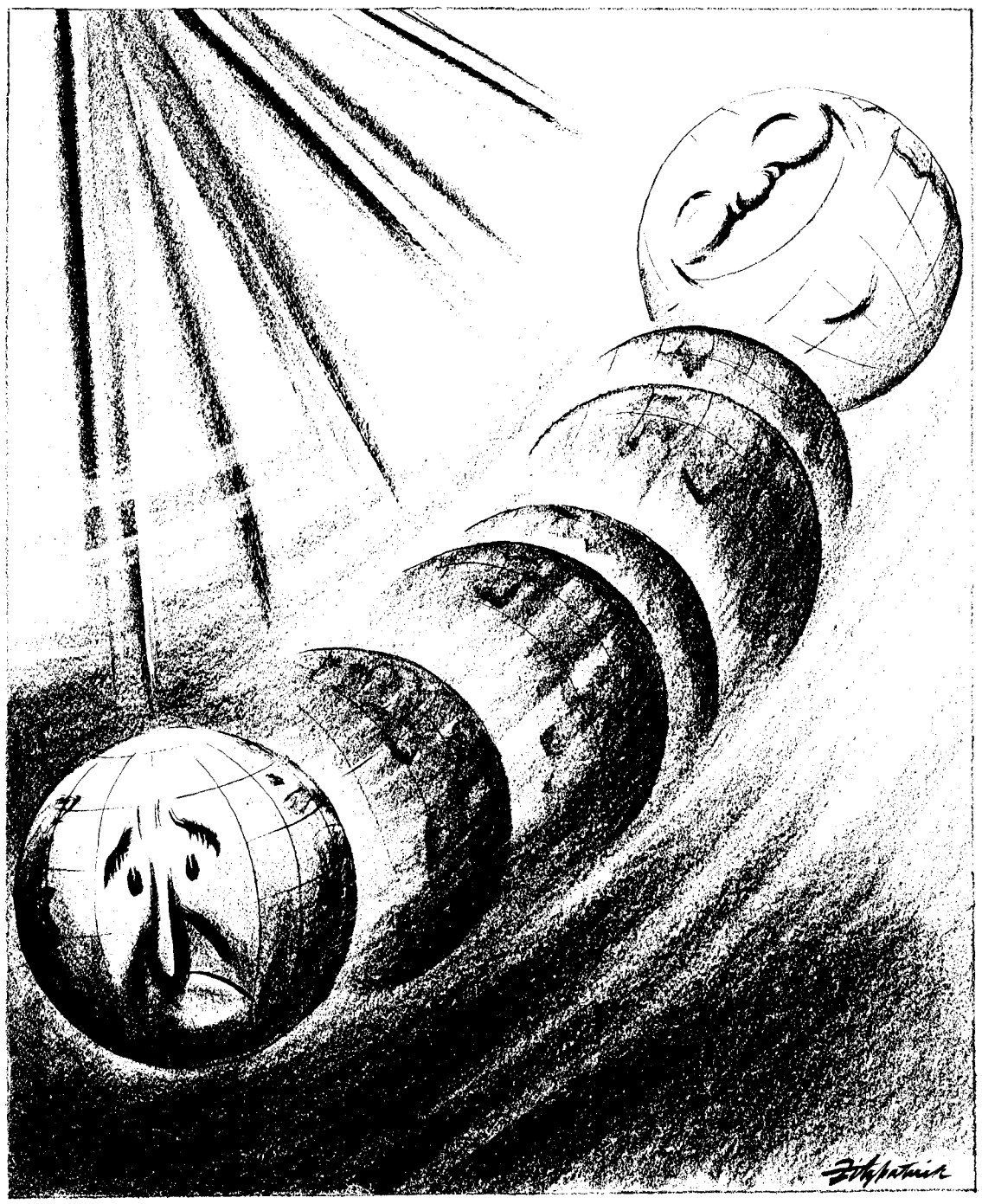
Is there anyone actually so befuddled by present irritations that he thinks we have gone as far as we shall travel on the democratic road toward a secure, comfortable and interesting life for the great masses of this and other nations?

Between 1922 and 1929 the standard of living of the American people rose more rapidly than at any period in history. What was so well started was interrupted, not stopped. The forces which enabled us to lift ourselves by our own bootstraps will continue to operate long after we and our children's children have passed on.

This is as certain as anything can be. It does not matter what form of government we have in the future. The same economic forces will drive us onward toward a wider and wider distribution of the good things of life.

The Russian Communists know this and so do the Fascists. The Russians make prodigious efforts to Americanize their industrial system. Why? Because mass production alone holds the keys to a good life for the masses. Business depends on mass consumption and so does communism or fascism or any kind of government you can mention.

Nobody can call the turn on the calendar, but anybody who is a part of this modern world ought to be able to perceive the direction in which the main current is flowing. This is toward a better, fuller life for all kinds and conditions of men.



Don't, therefore, let the hindsighters discourage you. Obviously there is work to be done and difficulties to be removed. The essential point is that we have the ability, the courage and the character to do whatever is necessary.

We earned our prosperity and we earned our depression. We permitted the unscrupulous to betray the thrifty. We neglected many things to which we ought to have been attentive—unemployment, farm prices, prohibition, protection for investors, our foreign trade relations and numerous other things you can specify. We enjoyed the good times. We have endured the bad. We shall move forward, not backward.

The reasonable time to have been a pessimist was three years ago. The facts then were with those who foresaw trouble. The reasonable time to take a cheerful view is now.

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHAS. COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*

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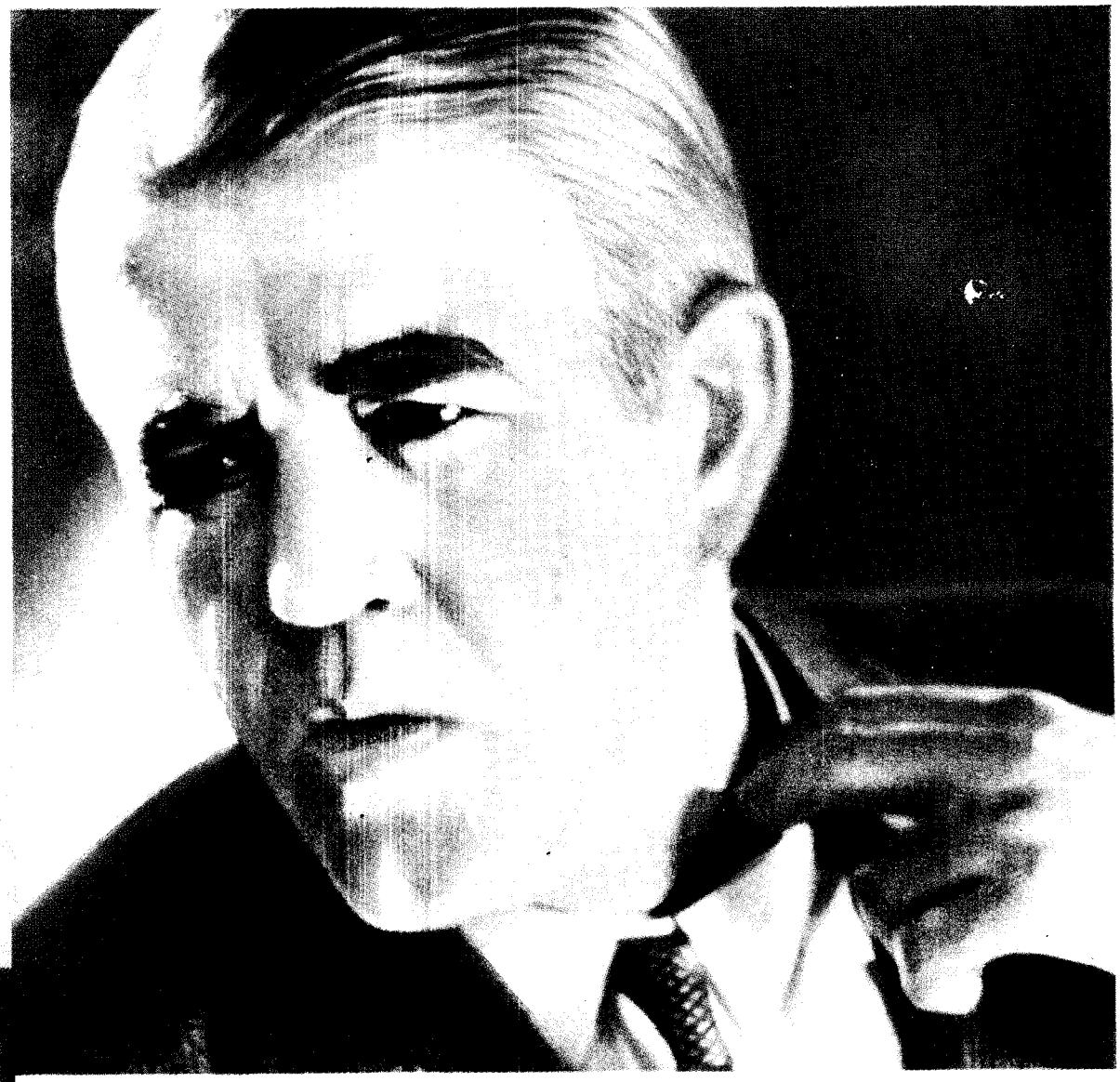

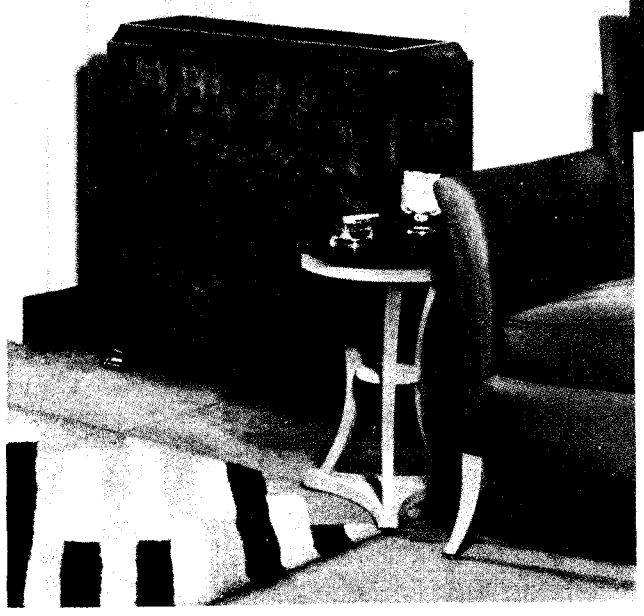

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